

PHYSICIAN  
AND FRIEND

GEORGE SMITH

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PHYSICIAN AND FRIEND







Walker & Beckett, ph. 51

Alexander Grant, F.R.C.S.  
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# PHYSICIAN AND FRIEND

ALEXANDER GRANT, F.R.C.S.

HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND  
HIS LETTERS FROM  
THE MARQUIS OF  
DALHOUSIE

EDITED BY

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# PHYSICIAN AND FRIEND

ALEXANDER GRANT, F.R.C.S.

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## CHAPTER I

### THE MEDICAL SERVICE OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

ALEXANDER GRANT (1817-1900) has a twofold claim to a place in the history of India and in the annals of medical science and philanthropy. He was the physician and the personal friend of the Marquis of Dalhousie, during the longest and most brilliant administration in the roll of the fourteen historic Governor-Generals. He anticipated or initiated those sanitary and humanitarian reforms, especially in the Army, the Navy, and the Mercantile Marine of the Empire, which it has required the wars of half a century, from the Crimea to South Africa, to bring to fruit. He was ever watchful to improve the Indian Medical Service, to the Bengal division of which he belonged, by making it more efficient and influential in the interests of his country. Guided by him in this also, the Marquis of Dalhousie caused it to be thrown open to competition by all classes of the Queen's subjects, so that Dr Goodeve Chuckerbutty was the first

of a line of natives of India who have won for themselves a commission as assistant-surgeon. It was Alexander Grant who made it possible for Lord Dalhousie to write thus in his Farewell Minute of 28th February 1856 :

Before resigning the Government of India I submitted for the consideration of the Council proposals for the enlargement and the improvement of the Medical Service. The proposals met with the entire concurrence of the Council. If they should receive the approval of the Honourable Court, and should be carried into effect, the Medical Service of the East India Company will then be second to none in the world.

Nearly every reform urged by Lord Dalhousie and his adviser has been gradually carried out.

Of the four classes of the East India Company's "Servants" who have won for Great Britain its Eastern Empire, the Medical Service still waits for a historian. The doings and the writings of the Covenanted Civil Service, from Queen Elizabeth to the Empress Victoria, may be said to constitute the history of India and Southern Asia for three centuries. There are few greater names in our imperial annals than Clive and Warren Hastings ; none have been nobler administrators than Charles Grant and John Lawrence. The Company's Army found an accomplished historian in Captain Arthur Broome, of the Artillery, whose one volume on the rise and progress of the Bengal Army should be brought down to 1858. Lieutenant C. R. Low has compiled the stirring annals of the Indian Navy and its heroes, too little known ; and the India Office has published the Marine Records of its great maritime force from 1605 to



1856. But in spite of what its men have done for science and literature, for civilisation and humanity in the East, no member has yet told the fascinating story of what is now called the Indian Medical Service. Dr Norman Chevers, the most competent, passed away, leaving only a review<sup>1</sup> article on "Surgeons in India, Past and Present." Sir Joseph Fayrer has contented himself with publishing his Autobiography.<sup>2</sup> The long and splendid roll begins with Gabriel Boughton in 1636-1650; it ends thus far with Alexander Grant 1817-1900, who lies at rest on the sunny slope of the hill of Tomnahurich, Inverness.

Boughton, who was the surgeon of Sir Thomas Roe's embassy to the Emperor Shah Jahan, and had been doctor of the Company's ship *Hopewell*, secured for the English in Bengal a license for free trade. What had been denied to the ambassador of James I. by Jehangir thirty years before, was granted by his successor, and confirmed by the Mughal Viceroy of Bengal, in gratitude to Boughton for his professional services. Sir Henry Yule failed to find adequate authority for the earlier story of Major C. Stewart<sup>3</sup> and Orme<sup>4</sup>—how the Surat Council sent Boughton to cure the Princess Jahanara, Shah Jahan's daughter, and the grateful Emperor asked the physician to name his reward. We believe that only the date is wrong. There is no doubt that in 1650 Shah Jahan's son, the Viceroy at Rajmahal, granted to the doctor the coveted

<sup>1</sup> *The Calcutta Review*, No. XLV., vol. xxiii. for July 1854.

<sup>2</sup> "Recollections of my Life." (William Blackwood and Sons, 1900).

<sup>3</sup> "The History of Bengal," London, 1813, page 251.

<sup>4</sup> "A History of the Military Transactions of the British Nation in Indostan," London, 1763.

commercial concession, which proved the beginning of the Company's power, and that the Masulipatam factory thereupon sent him a "peshcash" of gay apparel, or a scarlet and gold and silver dress of honour suitable to a chirurgeon at the Court of the Viceroy, Prince Shah Shuja.<sup>1</sup> Boughton seems to have been of the old Lawford family, on whose chief a Baronetcy was conferred about that time (1641); it is now represented by Sir Charles Henry Rouse-Boughton, Bart.

The second political as well as commercial service done to the power of Great Britain in the East, was rendered by another of the East India Company's surgeons, William Hamilton. Sixty-five years after Boughton's patriotic act, the oppressions of the Nawab of Bengal, Moorshid Kuli Khan, compelled it to send an embassy to Delhi, to secure from the Emperor Farokhsir a recognition of its trade license and other immunities. Dr William Hamilton was the surgeon of the embassy. They found the Court of the Great Mughal in confusion. His Rajput bride, daughter of Raja Ajit Sing, of Jodhpore, had been waiting in his capital for months for the marriage, while he lay at death's door, under "a malignant distemper." William Hamilton operated with such success that the sovereign determined to show his gratitude. In full Durbar, in the still renowned hall of the Palace, William Hamilton was clothed in a robe of honour, described as "a vest or culgi, a jewelled plume surmounting the sirpesh or aigrette upon the turban, two diamond rings, an elephant, a horse, gold buttons for each garment set

<sup>1</sup>"The Diary of William Hedges, Esq." Illustrated by Colonel Henry Yule, R.E., vol. iii. Hakluyt Society, 1889.

in jewels, and five hundred rupees." Thus decorated, he further accepted models of all his surgical instruments in pure gold. But all this was as nothing to the grateful Emperor's promise that he would grant the requests of the Company's embassy. All its original privileges were confirmed; the President's passports, exempting its goods from search throughout Bengal, were sanctioned; the use of the imperial mint at Moorshidabad was conceded; and thirty-eight additional villages were added to the rising capital of Calcutta at a nominal rent. In 1717 the firman was received by the Calcutta Council; a month after, William Hamilton was laid in the old cemetery by the green of Fort William.

The old Cathedral Church of St John now covers his dust; but the inscription which commemorates his noble service is carefully preserved in the adjoining Mausoleum of Job Charnock (the founder of Calcutta), now the oldest bit of British masonry in Bengal. On the granite slab, six feet high and three feet wide, the letters, Roman and Persian, stand out in relief as fresh as the day they were cut, nearly two centuries ago. It was Warren Hastings who caused the historic church to be rebuilt, twenty-seven years after the destruction of its predecessor in the Mohammedan sack of the city. Doubtless William Hamilton had inhabited the house, with a garden to the north, reserved for the chief hospital surgeon. The inscription we reproduce from the copy of the original made by Dr Chevers, with Gladwin's translation of the Persian—

Under this Stone Lies Interred  
 the Body of  
 WILLIAM HAMILTON Surgeon,  
 who departed this life the 4<sup>th</sup> Decem<sup>br</sup>. 1717.  
 his Memory ought to be dear to this Na-  
 tion, for the Credit he gain'd y<sup>e</sup> English  
 in Curing FERRUKSEER, The present  
 KING of INDOSTAN of a Ma-  
 lignant Distemper by which he  
 made his own Name famous at the  
 Court of that Great Monarch;  
 and without doubt will perpetu-  
 ate his Memory, as well in Great Britt<sup>n</sup>  
 as all other Nations in Europe.

ولیم ہاملٹن حکیم نوکر بیکینی انگلیند کے ہمراہ ایلچی انگلیند حضور پیر نور  
 رفتہ ہو ووا ہم جو در چہار دانگ بسبب علاج شاہنشاہ  
 عالم پناہ محمد فرخ سیر غازی بلند کردہ ہزار تصدیقہ از درگاہ جہان  
 پناہ رخصت وطن حاصل ہووہ بقضای الہی چہارم دسمبر  
 یک ہزار و ہفتصد و ہفتادہ در کلکتہ فوت شد  
 در اینجا مدفون است



*Translation.*

William Hamilton, Physician in the service of the English Company, who had accompanied the English Ambassador to the enlightened presence, and having made his own name famous in four quarters of the earth by the cure of the Emperor, the Asylum of the World, Muhammad Furrukshere, the Victorious; and, with a thousand difficulties, having obtained permission from the Court, which is the refuge of the universe, to return to his country, by the divine decree, on the 4th of December 1717, died in Calcutta, and is buried here.

Holwell, who survived the horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta, which he recorded, had been an apothecary. When the notorious Suraj-oo-Doulah threatened the destruction of the Company's settlement at Kasimbazaar, its chief stopped the advance of the hostile force by the persuasions of Forth, the surgeon. Six years after Fullarton was delivered from the massacre by Sumroo, at Patna, because he had made himself the friend, professionally, of Mir Kasim and his nobles. Archibald Kier, the surgeon who accompanied the contingent sent from Madras to help in these difficulties, became quartermaster of the forces, so badly was his own profession paid. Ives, the surgeon to whom we owe a well-written and sometimes pathetic history of the events that followed the battle of Plassey, was the friend as well as the physician of Admiral Watson. Ives, and Bevis his assistant, had terrible experiences with the wounded after the Chandernagore action, and among the troops decimated by putrid fevers and fluxes.

Only five men out of the two hundred and fifty who accompanied them from Madras survived the campaign of fifteen months, and Major Kilpatrick, their leader, died. One surgeon fell in the Patna Massacre, Dr Anderson, of the Infantry, who thus wrote to his friend, Dr Davidson, on the day of his murder :

“Sumroo, with the sepoy, arrived here last night, and, I suppose, to effect his wicked designs ; for Mr Kelly and forty-three gentlemen with him were massacred. As almost an equal number of soldiers as yet remain, I expect my fate this night. I must therefore, as a dying man, request of you to collect and remit my estate home as soon as possible, and write a comforting letter to my father and mother. Let them know I die bravely, as a Christian ought, for I fear not him who can kill the body and no more, but I rejoice in hope of a future existence through the merits of my Saviour.”

The Asiatic Society, founded by Sir William Jones in 1784, long formed a centre for the many scholarly members of the Bengal, Madras, and Bombay Medical Services all over India. Dr Kœnig ; Dr John Fleming, the first Vice-President ; Dr Roxburgh, the friend of William Carey who edited his later MSS.; and Dr James Anderson of Madras, proved themselves accomplished Botanists. The Secretary of the Society was William Hunter, who died at Java in 1812. Dr Helenus Scott, of the Bombay Medical Board in 1802 ; Dr Francis Buchanan, founder of the Statistical Survey of India ; Dr Francis Balfour, who first facilitated the study of Persian and Arabic in British India ; Dr John Leyden, the poet and Orientalist friend of Sir Walter Scott, who qualified as a Madras surgeon

that he might find an Indian career, all lent a lustre to the Medical Service at the beginning of last century. The case of Sir James Mackintosh, whom Dugald Stewart recommended to the Czar of Russia as eminently qualified to be his physician, and that of the assistant-surgeon, Joseph Hume, of political reputation, are not so well known.

The Medical Services of India teem with the names of men whose scientific writings have adorned the profession and benefited humanity. We note the following names at random recalled by Dr Norman Chevers, because many of them were the contemporaries and friends of Alexander Grant in the twenty years between 1838 and 1858.

*In Medicine and Surgery.*—Malcolmson, John Milne, Colin Rogers, William Scott, John Adam, R. Cole, A. Thomas, H. Goodeve, James Anderson, Brett, G. H. Bell, Searle, W. Raleigh, Sir James Annesley, Twining, Kenneth Mackinnon, M'Cosh, Mosgrove, Ambrose Blacklock, John Macpherson, Sir W. Ainslie, Hutchinson, Richard O'Shaughnessy, Allan Webb, Hare, Parkes, Geddes, Wise, Maxwell, Finch, Thomas Moore, Charles Morehead, Conwell, F. Corbyn, Frederic Forbes, Dr Honigberger, J. Cole, W. Hunter, R. H. Kennedy, N. Jameson, and Jas. Kennedy.

*In Botany, Natural History, and Chemistry.*—Wallich, Royle, Faulkener, W. O'Shaughnessy, R. Wight, Thomas Thomson, Arnott, W. Gilchrist, Theodore Cantor, Jerdon, M'Clelland, W. Montgomerie, J. Stevenson, Helfer, Herbert, and Hugh Cleghorn.

*Public Health.*—Ranald Martin, F. Pemble Strong, Dr Norman Chevers, and Joseph Bedford.

*General Literature and Science.*—Tytler, John Grant, Corbyn, Hutchinson and Hunter.

*Oriental Literature, History and Antiquities.*—Horace Hayman Wilson, James Bird, Sherwood, Wise, E. G. Balfour, Nicolson, Lush, Stevenson, Macgregor, and Aloys Sprenger.

*Medical Topography, Meteorology, and Geology.*—A. Campbell, Donald Butter, Fayrer, J. P. Malcolmson, Spry, Baikie, Carter, J. Adams, Birch, Ives, W. H. Bradley, Bruce, Carter, Kinloch, Kirke, R. Cole, C. F. Collier, Dollard, Irvine, J. M'Cosk, John Murray, J. Clark, Taylor, Sir J. Burnes, Spilsbury, Turnbull Christie, Ward, Alexander Grant, Malcolmson, Arnott, Benjamin Babington, Baddely, Hutton, A. Duncan, Gibson, Benjamin, Heyne, P. B. Lord, Forbes, Benza, J. Clark, Marshall, J. Stevenson, Murray (of Bombay), Walker, Voysey.

Careful sifting of Messrs Dodwell and Miles' List of the Medical Officers of the Indian Army, from the year 1764 to the year 1838, reveals some very curious statistics. We find that, out of 2019 surgeons who ate the Company's salt during that period, there are reported—to have been killed in action 7, to have been drowned 13, and to have died East of the Cape of Good Hope, 743. In all, 1763 deaths in India, out of a list of 2019, which included all the medical men serving in the three Presidencies when that list was taken! Of the above number, 63 obtained seats in the Medical Board, and the number of those Superintending Surgeons who had not risen to the Board was 88. Under the disagreeable heading of "struck off," we find 39; these were, for the most part, gentlemen who exceeded their



terms of leave or furlough. The number of those "cashiered" was 6.

In 1850, soon after Alexander Grant joined it, the Bengal Medical Service consisted of 359 members, of whom 129 were in the grade of surgeons, and 230 in that of assistant-surgeons. There are not a few in each of the above classes to whom the present writer, with personal knowledge going back for half a century, would apply the modest words of the *Religio Medici* in which Sir Thomas Browne introduces himself: "I am a medical man, and this is my religion. I am a physician and this is my faith, and my morals, and my whole true and proper life. The scandal of my profession, the natural course of my studies, and the indifference of my behaviour and discourse in matters of religion, might persuade the world that I had no religion at all. And yet, in despite of all that, I dare, without usurpation, assume the honourable style of a Christian."<sup>1</sup> Such a truly Catholic Christian was Alexander Grant, and such the noble ruler of men whom he tended, with a friendship which had the richest results in the good of India and the Empire.

Besides Alexander Grant's there is the name of one of his friends in the above lists whom their contemporaries canonised for loving-kindness and self-sacrifice, that of Simon Nicolson. In a famous article in the *Calcutta Review* for January 1845, Honoria, the wife of Sir Henry Lawrence, pictured "The Sick-

<sup>1</sup> "Sir Thomas Browne: An Appreciation," with some of the best passages of the physician's writings selected and arranged by Alexander Whyte, D.D. (Oliphant, Edinburgh, 1898.)

Room in India." Men like these, by their goodness and their skill, justify the pleasant meditations of Charles Lamb and his quaint paradoxes, when he exclaims, "To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives." "If there be a regal solitude it is a sick-bed." In "Peregrine Pultuney," that three-volume novel of "Life in India," which Sir John Kaye published anonymously in 1844,<sup>1</sup> Simon Nicolson is introduced more than once as Dr Nicholas Fitz-simon. The good Calcutta physician is thus described by the old Bengal civilian, in the story, when giving Peregrine a letter to him: "Everybody knows him in India—finest fellow in the world—kind, generous, trump of a fellow. Go to him—give you breakfast, tiffin, dinner, shelter, advice, everything. If you are sick, go to him—sure to cure you—sure to be kind to you—saved more lives than the invention of the life-boat—a most excellent fellow—good Samaritan—sure to love him."

Such was the Medical Service, which, alike on its military and civil, its scientific and purely humanitarian sides, Alexander Grant adorned.

<sup>1</sup> London, John Mortimer, Adelaide Street, Trafalgar Square, 1844.

## CHAPTER II

### THE SURGEON ON SHIP BOARD.

ALEXANDER GRANT, the eldest of five sons, was born in January 1817 at Elgin. His father, Mr John Grant, in the early years of the nineteenth century, had moved to this town from Strathspey, where at Upper Porte the family had lived for many generations. Like Charles Grant, the Anglo-Indian statesman of the previous generation, he was educated in the Elgin Academy. From its well-taught classes he passed to the Aberdeen University, in the Arts Faculty. His medical studies began at the University of Glasgow, where he distinguished himself, gaining many prizes and three medals given by the University and the Professors. One prize was unique in its way, being adjudged by the votes of his class-fellows. The vacations he frequently spent with his uncle, Dr Robert Henry Grant, in Brora, Sutherlandshire, often visiting the patients along with him. There he practically studied Geology, then a young science, in which he found his principal recreation. The knowledge thus acquired he often applied in his subsequent study of the coasts and islands of China, and of the cantonments and hill stations of India. He passed as Surgeon at

Edinburgh soon after completing the twenty-first year of his age.

His object was to enter the Queen's Service, but on arriving in London he found that the list of the Director-General, Sir James MacGregor, was full of candidates. Being unwilling, and indeed unable, to remain idle, he sought temporary employment at sea, preferring this to the Navy, which was open to him. In 1837-8 accordingly, he made a long voyage from London to Madras, Calcutta, and China, in the fine old Indiaman, *The Thames*, Captain Marquis. The young surgeon from the first began to keep a brief personal diary and a more elaborate professional journal. These formed the basis of a series of papers which he published in the early numbers of *The Medical Times*. His purpose was to follow up the medical account of the voyage by observations on the pay and outfit of the surgeons of merchant vessels, the nature of their duties on board ship, the opportunities they possessed for private study and professional improvement, and, above all, the advantages arising from a systematic disposal of their time. Thus early Alexander Grant began to illustrate the saying which proved true of all his career, "Occasion makes the man when he is equal to the occasion."

The care of the merchant seamen of Great Britain, under Acts of Parliament or a private sense of duty, was unknown. The work of Mr Plimsoll for a time, and the recent writings of Mr Frank Bullen, have revealed evils which still need reform, if the Merchant Navy is to take its place in the defence of the Empire, and to maintain its splendid commercial record. Seventy



years ago the observant and earnest physician wrote thus, when he had just come of age, and he was still qualifying himself by experience for the higher success in his profession. His first subject was the health and habits of seamen.

When we consider the great extent of our Mercantile Navy, and the number of medical men now employed in this service, we cannot help feeling astonished that science owes so little to their labours. Visiting as they do every port of any considerable commercial importance in the world, and thereby becoming conversant with disease in all its various forms, as depending upon, and aggravated by, climate, season, and situation, with a moderate spirit of enquiry they might have communicated much useful information to the profession, and to the public, through the medium of our extensive periodical literature, and afforded great assistance to those entering for the first time upon similar duties, by placing at their disposal what experience they had been enabled to acquire. It is to be lamented that we possess no good work on naval medicine and surgery. The information we have upon these subjects is to be sought for either in the pages of medical journals, or in expensive treatises upon isolated subjects, such as scurvy, yellow fever, dysentery, etc. The first attempt at embodying the observations of the medical officers of the British Navy has only been lately announced as about to be published under the superintendence of Dr Wilson. This will fill up an important hiatus in medical literature, and it is to be hoped may be the prelude to a systematic work upon the subject intended for the guidance of the surgeons of vessels. I have been in the habit of keeping, for my own satisfaction and improvement, an account of every case which came under my care. Still mindful of the painful anxiety with which I entered upon my duties on board ship, ignorant of the nature of these duties,

yet acutely alive to the great responsibility which they entailed upon me, it has occurred to me, that to give a plain, unassuming account of the experience which I had acquired during a voyage which occupied sixteen months, might be acceptable to many.

The habits of seamen, and, I may almost add, their diseases, are peculiar, and can only be understood by those who have mingled much with them. They live a most laborious and irregular life. At a very early age they commence their apprenticeship—long before either the mind or the body has arrived at maturity. At sea they are constantly exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather; their sleep is short and often broken in upon; and this want of all regular hours of labour and of rest seriously affects the seaman's constitution. In their dispositions they are most improvident and reckless, sacrificing every future consideration for the present gratification of their desires. While on board ship they have no opportunities allowed them for indulging in excesses, but no sooner are they paid and on shore, than, relieved from all restraint, they plunge into every kind of dissipation. Warm-hearted and generous, they become an easy prey to the machinations of the vilest of our species; and it is seldom that a sailor leaves off his cruise of dissipation until every farthing is spent, and he is on the verge of starvation. Then, with a frame broken down, and often with the latent seeds of disease, he again enters on board another ship. There are, no doubt, very many exceptions to this, but I can confidently say that such are the dispositions of the great body of British seamen. The source of this melancholy state of degradation into which a large and most useful class of men have fallen, is to be found in the want of all moral and religious instruction. Entering upon the world at a very early age, they are denied the most simple rudiments of education; few of them can write, and many cannot even read. Associated together as a ship's company always are, the young and unsuspecting are frequently contaminated, until they become

initiated into every species of vice, through the influence of bad companions — thus the infection spreads, the disease is evident, but it is difficult to find a remedy.

I have been led into this digression upon the habits of British seamen, with the view of correcting a very prevalent, but what appears to me a very erroneous opinion, that sailors are of a *robust* habit of body; my experience teaches me the contrary. I admit that they are healthy, and resist in a wonderful manner exposure to all the vicissitudes of the weather, but when they are attacked with any serious illness, they very rapidly sink under it. I have seen a strong middle-aged man rendered in twenty-four hours as weak as a child, by a slight attack of catarrh. I have seen others, young and stout, faint from the loss of four ounces of blood. Sailors in merchant ships are generally short-lived; a life of hard labour and hard living induces a premature old age, and they, often broken-down and dispirited, sink into the grave without any evident disease. Sailors stand depletion badly, and blood-letting cannot be carried to the extent which we often find requisite on shore. The habit of intemperance, so general amongst them, satisfactorily accounts for this.

I have always been in the habit of adopting the excellent rule (or at least an approximation to it) of Dr Marshall Hall, when about to draw blood. I make the patient sit up, and support himself by his own muscles, and allow the blood to flow until he feels faint. If the disease be inflammatory, and connected with the chest, I follow this up by the use of the tartar emetic solution in small and repeated doses. The cases treated after this manner I have always found recover better than those where bleeding had been carried to its full extent. Many cases of inflammatory disease of a slight nature, and when timely seen, have recovered under the use of the emeto-cathartic mixture alone, with the application perhaps of a blister or sinapism. These remarks, however, are not altogether applicable to



sailors in ships of war ; there the duty is, comparatively speaking, light, as much from the nature of the service, as from the large complement of men on board. It is the interest of the owners of merchant vessels to have only just sufficient hands to work the ship ; the duty is therefore not only severe at sea, but more so in harbour, where the men have the discharging and reloading of the cargo : this in a tropical climate is very injurious to the European constitution. In ships of war also the habits of regularity and cleanliness, so strictly enjoined by the rules of the service, tend greatly to the preservation and improvement of the health. There are at present a great many foreigners in the employ of British merchants ; they are chiefly Dutch, Swedes and Finlanders, who, encouraged by the better wages, have entered our service. They are generally a sober, quiet, and industrious class of men, and enjoy a great degree of health. The ship's company placed under my medical charge amounted, when we left England, to 103, including officers, servants, and seamen.

We sailed from Gravesend early in March, 1837. The weather was then unusually severe, almost continued rains, sleet, and snow. In the Channel we encountered heavy gales, the ship rolled deeply, and made much water. Everything was in confusion, the gun-deck afloat, and many of the seamen thus exposed day and night to wet and cold, were taken ill. It is now that the young surgeon first feels the responsibilities and difficulties of his situation ; he is perhaps himself sick, many calls are made upon his attention, and he becomes bewildered amidst the disorder and discontent which everywhere meets him. There is a great want of all accommodation for the sick on board merchant vessels ; the space allotted to the ship's company is very limited, and in this crowded space the sick are obliged to remain amidst the songs and the oaths of their companions regaling themselves. Their other comforts are also ill attended to, for they are left wholly to the kind mercies of one or other of

their shipmates, who is not responsible for his attention to their wants, and whose other duties do not indeed allow him to take proper care of one in sickness. Much, then, devolves upon the surgeon, whose duty it is to see that his orders are carried into effect, that the sick receive that care which their case requires. He will often meet with difficulty in effecting this, and occasions will present themselves, when he will be necessitated to act the physician, the apothecary, and the nurse.

The diseases which occurred at this early period of our voyage were such as, under the circumstances, we would be led to expect; they were almost all pectoral affections. In some the pleura was the tissue mainly implicated; in others, the bronchial mucous membrane; and in a few, the tonsillary glands. They were all attended with more or less fever, and in every case with sudden and great prostration of strength. Thirteen were of an urgent nature, and I feel at a loss under what nosological head to class them. They had many of the symptoms common to influenza and inflammatory fever; all the debility which marks the former, and the high degree of excitement which attends the latter. The invasion of the attack was always sudden, and generally came on during the night: a man who had come upon deck in the best of health, would, while doing duty perhaps at the wheel, or in one of the tops, be suddenly seized with giddiness, pain in his head and chest, rigors, difficulty of breathing, and intense præcordial anxiety; sometimes there was vomiting, and a general soreness of the whole body, but particularly in the lumbar region, complained of. In a few hours these symptoms were followed by cough, and an aggravation of pain in the chest, preventing the patient taking a deep inspiration. Pulse much excited, full, and hard; the tongue furred, urine high coloured, thirst urgent, and a loathing of every kind of food. Of thirteen cases the following are the results:—Four were treated in the first instance by bleeding from the arm, followed by active purgation, diaphoretics, and

blisters; the remaining nine by an emetic at the commencement, followed by a purgative, and nauseating doses of tartrate of antimony.

Average duration of four cases treated by venesection—fourteen days to period of convalescence; twenty-three days to date of discharge as fit for duty.

Average duration of nine cases treated by tartrate of antimony—five days to period of convalescence; seven days until fit for duty.

Not only did those treated with antimony recover sooner, but they also regained their strength more rapidly; and where labour is so valuable as on board ship, this becomes a matter of some moment.

After leaving the English Channel, every day brought us into a warmer climate, and by the month of April the thermometer had undergone a rise of 25°. Common catarrh now became very prevalent. This is a frequent occurrence in high latitudes, and is often the predisposing or exciting cause of many grave diseases. Their origin is easily accounted for—men at work perspire very freely, the whole cutaneous surface becomes relaxed, and highly susceptible to the impressions of cold. In this state, fatigued by labour and the oppressive heat, a man throws himself down upon his trunk, in the draught of a strong current of air from an open port; the body is rapidly cooled, and the blood thrown upon the internal organs, the congested state of which is marked by the cold fit that succeeds such impression. In most cases, the result is a severe catarrh, the means by which nature relieves the loaded viscera—at times this vicarious action originates in the intestinal mucous membrane, and a diarrhœa is the consequence. In the treatment of such cases it is best to assist the efforts of nature, and not to check them. Order the patient to wear flannel, to abstain from ardent spirits, and to live chiefly on diluents. Scurvy is now rarely to be met with amongst merchant seamen. Attention to cleanliness and ventilation—the suet, flour, peas, vegetables, and lime-juice now regularly served out to the men, have put a check to the



ravages of this loathsome disease. Only one case occurred during the voyage.

Throughout the months of May and June very little sickness prevailed. In the one month there are in all nineteen entries in my case book, in the other only eight, so that often there was not a single patient upon the list. Although it was the winter season at the Cape, we were fortunate enough to experience no bad weather; the temperature was moderate, and to this may, in a great measure, be assigned our complete exemption from any of the slightest ailments. The health of the ship's company was becoming established by a course of regular living, and those who had never before been within the tropics had now undergone that seasoning which during its progress seldom fails to excite more or less derangement in the system.

On the 10th of July we cast anchor in Madras Roads, weighed upon the 18th, and arrived in the River Hooghly upon the 31st. During this month there are in all 34 entries; of these 10 are cases of diarrhoea, one of dysentery, and one of cholera. The thermometer in the shade ranged from 85° to 95°. At Madras, the crew had great facility of indulging in the variety of fruits which a tropical country at every season affords, and being neither very particular as to quality or quantity, we have in this a sufficient cause for the prevalence of diarrhoea. The treatment of these cases was similar to that adopted during our stay in Calcutta, to which I shall allude presently. The case of cholera occurred in the person of a strong young man, who had taken during the day large quantities of lime-juice. The symptoms were violent vomiting and purging, acute pain, and burning sensation in the epigastrium, with spasmodic contractions of the muscles of the extremities. These spasms were with difficulty overcome by repeated doses of æther and laudanum, and assiduous friction with a strong anodyne liniment. After the more violent symptoms had been subdued, a purgative was prescribed, and this having acted, the disease ceased

on the removal of its exciting cause. The patient on the third day returned to his duty.

The only other cases possessed of interest were one of *delirium tremens*, and one of malingering. This was the second attack of *delirium tremens* which this person had laboured under since our departure from England. Upon both occasions the disease was removed by opiates, and a moderate allowance of the stimulus, a temporary abstinence from which appeared to have caused the attack. There was considerable excitement, which required the administration of saline purgatives and diaphoretics. In such cases I have found the *liquor opii sedativus*, of Mr Battley, more effectually quiet the cerebral excitement than opium or any other of its preparations.

Malingering is not common on board merchant vessels. I have met with very few instances of it, and to discover these it required no great tact. Its frequency in our Army and Navy arises, in most instances, from anxiety to procure a discharge; but in merchantmen there is no such inducement, laziness therefore can be their only motive, and few will be found who, to indulge their idle propensities, will suffer the punishment of swallowing medicines, having their grog stopped, and being placed upon low diet. In the case referred to the symptoms complained of were pain in the back and head, with giddiness. His bowels were well opened, and he had an emetic, but no relief followed. His pulse was regular and good, his tongue clean, and his general aspect nothing changed. This excited my suspicion, and, more particularly, as the man bore a bad character, both with the officers of the ship and with his mess-mates. I did not disclose my suspicions to the patient, but, on the contrary, seemed to take the greatest interest in his case, was most particular in visiting him, and dosing him with the most nauseous medicines, which he swallowed with great indifference. After holding out for nearly three weeks, he at length began to admit that he was getting better, and to escape his evening dose of medicine he would promise



to be at work on the following morning. He several times made this excuse until it would suffice no longer, and at length, tired of drugging, he confessed that he was quite well, but intended to do no more work on board the ship. This, as in duty, I reported to the captain, who behaved very leniently to him, and at Calcutta he ran from the ship. The private character of the person greatly assists our diagnosis, but it is well to be very cautious in all cases, and to treat for the symptoms complained of until there be decided proof that the patient is imposing upon us, for it is better that a dozen malingerers should escape, than that one innocent person should suffer wrongly.

August and September were spent at Calcutta, discharging and taking in cargo. This is the period of the year called *par excellence* the *rainy season*. The weather is extremely close and oppressive, and every kind of labour is followed by great exhaustion, the atmosphere being generally loaded with a dense vapour, which causes a disagreeable relaxation of the pores of the body. Our ship was anchored about the centre of the river, opposite Kidderpore, and only a short distance below Calcutta, but during the last three weeks of our stay we removed closer to the banks into moorings; here at the full of each tide a large surface of mud, always containing much animal and vegetable matter, was exposed, and the united effects of heat and moisture caused rapid decomposition, and the exhalation of a poisonous miasma which would often excite a degree of nausea; this is the fertile source of Bengal remittent, and we accordingly find that fever is always most prevalent about the end of the rainy season, when the waters begin to subside.

The ship's company in harbour have a daily allowance of fresh meat and vegetables, and independent of this, they generally purchase, at their own expense, bread, eggs, and other small comforts; their fare is therefore much better than at sea, and their allowance of grog is doubled. I cannot agree with those medical

men who place such restrictions upon the diet and drink of all Europeans entering a tropical climate, and however necessary a spare diet may be for those who lead an idle life, I am quite satisfied it is not suitable for those working hard during ten hours a day. A nutritious diet and a moderate allowance of stimulants is conducive to the health of the sailor; if he were deprived of this he would soon sink under the injurious influences of the climate. The fruitful source of sickness among European seamen is their imprudence when allowed on shore; this leave is generally granted upon a Saturday or a Sunday, and they view it as a license to indulge in every species of excess and of folly. They may be seen often lying drunk in the streets at night, exposed to the damps of the climate, and during the day—without, perhaps, a covering to their head for hours—to the powerful rays of a tropical sun. They seldom escape with impunity, and often the consequences are most melancholy.

In less than a year after his return from this experience, Alexander Grant found himself a member of the Bengal Medical Service. His appointment as assistant-surgeon he received on the recommendation of Mr Duff of Haddo, through the son of Sir Charles Forbes, Bart. Sir Charles, the first Baronet, well known as a merchant prince of Bombay, seems to have watched the career of young Grant, who always pronounced him his best friend. Remembering his own experience at Canton, in 1791, where he formed “a high opinion of the Chinese and a sincere regard for them,” to use his own language, he admired the young surgeon’s “sympathy and humanity towards the poor wounded” in the first China war.

## CHAPTER III

### THE FIRST CHINA WAR.

ALEXANDER GRANT had hardly landed at Calcutta, when he was posted to the 55th Foot for service in China. The same power of observation, earnestness of purpose, and professional zeal, which had marked his first expedition to the East, again characterised him in this responsible duty. He now became practically acquainted with Military Surgery. This portion of his career, which he tersely describes in the following Chapter of his Autobiography, recalls the character and the experience of Baron Larrey, the Surgeon-in-Chief of Napoleon's Grande Armée.

In the will which Napoleon made in St Helena, the following passage occurs—"I bequeath to the Surgeon-in-Chief of the French Army, Larrey, 100,000 francs. He is the most virtuous man I have ever known." So, at the close of the Peninsular War, the Duke of Wellington pronounced Dr M'Grigor "one of the most industrious, able, and successful public servants he had ever met with." What Larrey was in France, M'Grigor was in England—both the greatest military surgeons of their time, each attached to the greatest Captain of his nation, both distinguished in the history of philanthropy and surgical science, and both honoured

with pensions and dignities, the one being made a Baron the other a Baronet. Sir James M'Grigor was not unknown in India, where he served with the Connaught Rangers in Bombay, and whence he accompanied the expedition of Sir David Baird to Egypt as chief of the medical staff. There also had Larrey been, a year or two previous, holding a similar position under Buonaparte and Kleber. Each wrote an account of his medical experience in works which to our fathers were almost the text-books of Military Surgery. When Lord Melville, then Henry Dundas, at the head of the Board of Control, proposed to erect a fourth Presidency in India under William Dundas, M'Grigor was offered the headship of a Board. But the scheme fell through from the ridicule with which it met, the Presidency being wittily termed Nova Scotia, because of the number of Scotsmen to whom it was proposed to give appointments, and M'Grigor was reserved for the glory of the Peninsular War.

The two Surgeons-in-Chief had a hearty admiration for each other, their foe being not man but death. They tended their wounded enemies with the same care as their friends. During the skilful retreat to Corunna, most of the English prisoners who fell into the hands of the French were wounded, and were cured by Larrey. Marshal Soult erected a monument to the memory of Sir John Moore, and the spirit in which the French Memoir is written may be seen in the eulogy passed on the gallantry displayed by the English under adverse fortune by the writer, who is still French enough thus to describe Waterloo—  
“L'armée Française, triomphante des Anglais pendant



toute la journée, est vaincue le soir par Blucher et trente mille Prussiens."

This Memoir,<sup>1</sup> written in French by Baron Larrey's son, who held the same position under the nephew as his father did under the great-uncle, and translated by the late Sir James M'Grigor's son, is a lively and spirited record of Napoleon's great battles, with the share taken in each by Larrey and his medical staff as ministers of mercy. From the time when he was introduced to Napoleon, then a young Lieutenant of Artillery at Toulon, to his refusal to leave him at Fontainebleau, and his own capture and threatened execution by the Prussians after Waterloo, Larrey seldom left the side of the Emperor, and never ceased to mourn him under Louis Philippe. Born in 1776 at the foot of the Pyrenees, and educated at Toulouse, after a visit to America as assistant-surgeon in the French Navy, Larrey returned to Paris, just in time to take care of the first victims of the Revolution at the Hôtel Dieu. There and in the Invalides for three years, he acquired that surgical experience which enabled him to enter on so successful a career when he joined the army of the Rhine as medical chief of Kellerman's Division. For the first time recognising the truth, that unless a wounded limb is at once amputated death ensues, and seeing that the custom was to leave the wounded on the field till they could be removed a league off to the ambulances, where the surgeon could attend to them, Larrey devised those *ambulances volantes*, simple spring carriages, which

<sup>1</sup> "Memoir of Baron Larrey, Surgeon-in-Chief of the Grande Armée." From the French. (London : Henry Renshaw, 1861).

were so light that they could follow all the movements of the advanced guard. Thus the wounded were borne off the field swiftly, and their lives were saved. So highly did Napoleon value this invention, which to him was worth thousands of recruits, that, after inspecting it at Venice, he said to Larrey: "Your work is one of the most happy conceptions of our age; it will suffice for your reputation."

After Waterloo Larrey was taken prisoner, and severely wounded. Had not a surgeon-major of Blucher's force, who had listened to his lectures at Berlin six years before, recognised the great *chef*, Larrey would have been shot. But this, and the fact that in the campaign of Austria he had saved the life of Blucher's son, when a wounded prisoner, led Blucher to give him an escort to Brussels, and after he had recovered from his wounds he was restored to his wife in Paris, who had given him up as dead. Napoleon was gone, and Alexander strove to tempt him to Russia. But he claved to France even under the Bourbons. When collecting materials for a great work on Surgery he visited England with his son, in 1826, and there was welcomed by the most distinguished surgeons of the day. He wrote a Memoir on British Hospitals on his return, which gave him a seat in the Academy. As in 1789 so in 1830, he bound up the wounds of the victims of the Revolution. He went to Belgium to organise the ambulances of the Army, and was loaded with honours by King Leopold. As Surgeon-in-Chief of the Hôtel des Invalides he revived his associations of the Republic and the Empire. After a tour in Italy in 1834, during which he visited the surviving members of the Buonaparte family, his

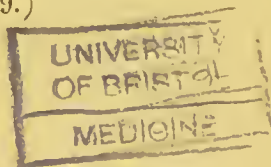
love for the memory of Napoleon seems to have embroiled him with Louis Philippe's Government, for he left the Invalides. The 15th December 1840 saw him, an old man of seventy, following the ashes of his great Master to their last resting-place in France.

His last duty was to inspect the hospitals of Algiers that he might recall the days when he gained his first renown in Africa. But the work was too hard for him, and three weeks after his return he died at Lyons.

Throughout the three years' China Expedition Grant contributed to *The Englishman* his "Diary of Events," which proved the best contemporary narrative of a most unpopular war, redeemed by the cession of Hong-Kong on the 25th January 1841. The account by Lieutenant John Ouchterlony, of the Madras Engineers, did not appear till 1844. Mr Grant was not called on to take a side in the violent controversy as to the causes of the Expedition, whether it deserved the epithet of the Opium War or, as Dr Cantlie, the latest writer, declares,<sup>1</sup> was only the result of two hundred years of insult, injury, and wrong heaped upon British subjects by the Chinese. The truth, doubtless, lies between the two, and we find Mr Grant unconsciously contributing this bit of evidence to the facts, in his Diary of 18th April 1842.

The opium traffic flourishes apace, and is little affected by the troubles of the Empire; in fact, the passion for the drug in those who have been for any time accustomed to it is so ungovernable that the habit can almost never be given over, however serious the consequences that may ensue. The Edicts of the Emperor, with all their exhortations and threatenings,

<sup>1</sup> "India, Ceylon . . . Hong-Kong." *The British Empire Series*, vol. i. (Kegan Paul, 1899.)



are without effect upon men, the perfect slaves of this passion. Already has one vessel disposed favourably of one cargo at Ningpo, and another has just gone up with a full cargo to dispose of. There she remained protected by our ships of war, and certainly engendering in the minds of the Chinese the idea that we foster and encourage the trade.

Here are two scenes from the Diary :

*Ningpo, 28th April.*—This afternoon Mr Gutzlaff having received information that a soldier had been kidnapped, it was soon discovered that a private of the 49th was missing, and search was immediately made; the poor fellow was found in a house strangled, his mouth stuffed with hair, and a large walnut thrust down his throat; there were several cuts on his hands, as if he had struggled severely, and these were bound to his feet with strong cords. One of the murderers was caught, and when the house had been set fire to, the woman who had acted as the decoy fled from her place of concealment and was made prisoner. They are now in confinement, no other punishment having been yet adjudged them.

*Chapoo City, 18th May.*—Parties under the command of officers were sent into every house to destroy arms and ammunition. In these perambulations many scenes of a horrible description were observed, so great was the dread inspired by our approach amongst the females that whole families had committed suicide, some by hanging, others by poisoning, and not a few by drowning themselves in the wells. Many of the men had cut their throats, and the wounded refused all succour.

I was present with a party who entered one of the few inhabited Tartar huts. There was one old man, one old and two young women, with several children; they were greatly terrified at our approach, and the old woman rushed before her daughters to protect them. We soon allayed their fears, and so much ingratiated ourselves that we were presented with the common beverage, a cup of tea. The women and children are



very fair, and far more comely than the Chinese; the countenance is open and expressive, the eye large and dark blue, the form tall and well-proportioned, the foot handsome and retaining its natural conformation. In the simplicity of their manners, and the rudeness of their dwellings are to be discovered the pastoral habits of the forefathers of this people; gradually they are beginning to adopt the Chinese forms of domestic comfort, and they are already initiated in the baneful luxury of opium smoking. Considerable quantities were found in almost every house, and some of the soldiers made prisoners were in a state of stupefaction. Many of the inhabitants of the Chinese town have remained in their houses, and have, of course, been unmolested. The Tartar town being deserted has been plundered by friends and foes, and is now a scene of the utmost desolation.

The country about here is beautiful, and rich beyond measure; barley, wheat, and beans are the prevailing grain.

The young Surgeon contributed to the *India Journal of Medical and Physical Science* a series of invaluable medical sketches of the Expedition to China, taken from an ample collection of facts recorded almost daily. The topographical notes of the stations occupied by the troops were drawn up on the spot, and the causes which influenced their health in the field and in garrison. The practical notes on Military Surgery, illustrated by cases, are remarkable for that period. The description of the social and economic condition of the people is most honourable to the writer and to the Chinese themselves. "A population better fed, better clothed and housed, and more generally happy and contented, I have nowhere observed." With the following topographical description

of Hong-Kong as it was sixty years ago, we now refer the reader to Mr Grant's autobiographic sketch.

*Hong-Kong*.—Distant forty miles to the eastward of the Portuguese settlement of Macao, lie the island of Hong-Kong and its dependeneies, between lat.  $22^{\circ} 9'$  and  $22^{\circ} 21'$  north, and in long.  $114^{\circ} 18'$  east from Greenwich.

Its shape is very irregular, but approaches nearly that of a right-angled triangle, and although its circumference is only twenty-six miles, yet by following the line of coast the distance becomes increased by nearly a half, owing to several fine bays that indent the coast.

The longest line from the north-west to the south-east is nine miles, while the breadth varies from one quarter to four miles; the channel which separates it from the mainland varies from half a mile to three miles, and is perfectly safe for ships of large size. The physical aspect of the island is mountainous and sterile; the hills (some of which attain a height of 2000 feet) are covered by a rank herbage, among which the fern predominates; they are of conical shape intersected by numerous passes and a few narrow valleys, which are well watered and carefully cultivated; their formation is primitive, and of igneous origin, consisting of a close-grained granite, the components of which vary much in different localities, some containing so much hornblende as to appear quite dark, while others, where the felspar is much in excess, are of a light clay colour.

Skirting the base of the hills are a series of strata of decomposed granite and clay soil containing large boulders of primitive rock, these have undoubtedly been transported from a distance, their rounded edges and smooth surface being a result of the long-continued action of water.

The greater number of them are in a rapid state of decomposition, and from their containing much oxide of iron, they have probably been disengaged from a range fertile in that useful mineral.

Red sandstone and felspar rock are also to be met with, the latter particularly on the southern side of the island, where I have observed it interspersed with thin veins of quartz.

The hills are bare of trees and bleak, the few level spots of ground in the valleys available for cultivation are planted with rice. The population is estimated at 30,000 souls, but they are a migratory class of unsettled pursuits, and since our occupation of the island it has become the place of refuge of the most infamous among the natives of the southern provinces of China. The only large village is Check-Chu, on the southern shore, with a population of 2000, principally fishermen. Europeans are entirely dependent on the mainland for supplies of provisions, and these are all very high priced, much exceeding the current rates in India, and even in England; the station is in every respect a most expensive one for Government and its servants. Hog-deer, pheasants, partridge, quail, and snipe are occasionally to be seen among the least frequented parts of the interior.

There are no native manufactures, and no natural productions, but on the opposite mainland are several excellent granite quarries in active operation.

*Victoria.*—The modern capital of Hong-Kong extends in a straggling manner along the northern shore for nearly five miles from east to west; the ground is broken, irregular, and steep, there being few level sites for building, unless on the verge of the sea beach; the houses are consequently much scattered, and the ground greatly disturbed: hills levelled for sites, others cut through for roads and the red upturned soil viewed in contrast with the grey masses of granite, the green hillside, and the bare bleak hills, have so much the appearance of chaos that when first seen from a distance, Victoria looks like the remnant of some great city whose fairer portion had by some subterranean force been engulfed in the bay beneath.

Towards the south the town is immediately over-

looked by a continued range of lofty hills; towards the north the view opens on the harbour, and the opposite mainland; while towards the east and west are the channels of the sea which form the entrances to the bay. The east and west points of this locality have proved the most unhealthy. Commencing with the eastern part, we first observe the "Point," a bold semicircular headland, occupied by the buildings of Messrs Jardine, Matheson, & Co. This forms the eastern boundary of the Happy Valley (since called the Valley of Death), which here extends about two miles into the interior, and is bounded on the west by Leighton's Hill and three other high points, on which are situated the Medical Missionary Hospital, the Morrison Education Institution, and the Merchant Seamen's Hospital.

Several most substantial houses have been built along the sides of the valley, but they are so shut out from the summer breezes, and have proved so unhealthy, that they remain uninhabited. The valley has been since drained, and vegetables cultivated instead of rice, much against the wishes of the natives, who here occupy a pretty village which is *thickly* surrounded by trees.

It is somewhat singular that the inhabitants of these mean-looking dwellings have continued comparatively healthy during seasons that the Europeans in this locality, and the Chinese at Victoria, were suffering from severe and fatal sickness. I can only suppose that the shelter afforded by the trees, and the attraction which green wood is said to have for malaria, could have occasioned this exemption.

Passing along a spacious road which has in places been cut through considerable hills of disintegrated granite, we next come on the site of the European Hospital, and the residence of Messrs Turner and Co., and other private dwellings situate near to the beach and shut in on three sides by closely overhanging hills.

The European Hospital is a range of godowns



temporarily occupied for its present purpose; the upper story has been converted into one large ward, which accommodates sixty-five patients; the roof is low, with merely a thin covering of tiles, and the circulation of air is very defective. During the day-time the temperature rises to a great height, and even when the hospital is but moderately filled, the patients suffer much from the sultry and oppressive nights which are common throughout the summer months. Some amelioration will, no doubt, follow after the formation of mat verandahs, and the introduction of punkahs, but the site is highly objectionable, and admits not of remedy.

Continuing our progress to the westward, we skirt the base of the hills, which now approach so close to the sea beach as to leave barely sufficient space for the road; a few yards beyond, on the bleak hillside, is the European burial-ground; it has already nearly attained its utmost limits, and serious objections may be urged against its situation in the midst of the Cantonment. Passing a small ravine close by stands, on another eminence, the hospital for the native troops; it is a long, low, single-storied building, and affords accommodation for 100 patients.

Crossing another ravine, the hills open out, and present a moderate slope, which is occupied at its lower part by the barracks of the Ordnance Department, and higher up by the officers' quarters, a low, damp range of small houses which have proved most unhealthy. The extremity of this locality projects into the bay, and this spot has been cleared as a site for a large general hospital, but no progress has as yet been made in this important work—the last of the public works to be commenced on. The road now winds round the base of the hill, the side of which has been deeply excavated, while along the beach are lines of houses occupied by Chinese, and others by mercantile firms; adjoining these last are the ordnance store-yards and Commissariat, conveniently situated for land and sea carriage. On the opposite

side to these is the Canton Bazaar, a reclaimed piece of ground, most of the house-tops being on a level with the excavated side of the hill. Crossing by a bridge over a mountain stream, we enter the ground of the new barracks, an excellent range of two-storied buildings of solid masonry, possessing this great advantage, that it is open to the sea on one side and clear of the hills on the other; the rooms are lofty and airy and surrounded by spacious verandahs; there is good accommodation for 500 men.

The ground for a mile and a quarter beyond this has been little built on, being reserved for Government. High on the brow of the hill is situate the Government House and offices, and below these the Post-Office, Surveyor's office, and the Colonial church, a temporary mat building. In the same neighbourhood, and scattered along the banks of the rivulet, are the old huts, successively occupied by two or three native corps, all of whom suffered much sickness while located here.

## CHAPTER IV

ALEXANDER GRANT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY—IN CHINA.

IN July 1840 I returned to England, after an absence of sixteen months on a voyage to the East Indies and China. Soon afterwards I was, without solicitation, given an appointment in the Bengal Medical Service, by the kind and worthy Sir Charles Forbes. After passing my examination, and bidding farewell to my family and friends, I embarked at Gravesend on the ship *John Calvin*, sailed 11th November, and arrived at Calcutta 11th April 1841, the voyage thus occupying five weary months. We sighted no land save an uninhabited island (Amsterdam). Our food supplies ran short; there was serious want of discipline in the crew, and the risks we underwent were neither few nor slight. I performed the medical duties, and got my passage in consequence at a much reduced rate. There were no casualties, but an addition to our numbers by one birth.

After doing duty for a short time at the General Hospital, I was appointed to H.M. 55th Foot, then under orders for service in China. Prostrated by a sharp attack of fever, I was sufficiently recovered to embark on the 24th May 1841 with a portion of the Regiment, under the command of Captain Hooner. The



ship was crowded and overladen; great sickness broke out, and there were two deaths on the first day from sunstroke. The commanding officer being delirious, and the pilot appalled at the unseaworthy condition of the vessel, I took upon myself the responsibility of stopping her, and Lieutenant Hamilton landed to report the state of matters to Government. The Embarkation Committee, composed of the Quartermaster-General, Major-General of Queen's Troops (Dr Murray), the Secretary of the Marine Board, and the Commandant-General, came down the river in a steamer, and, after examining our condition, ordered us to return to Calcutta. They were shocked at a state of matters for which they were responsible. A public enquiry followed, by order of the Governor-General, Lord Auckland, and the result was that a third of the troops were disembarked, a third of the cargo unloaded, the officer commanding invalided, and the worst of the sick sent to hospital. It was an early trial for me, and, fortunately, I passed safely through the ordeal, my conduct being approved. We sailed again, Captain O'Leary commanding, and all went smoothly with us until nearing Singapore, when we ran on a coral rock and were for some time in danger, but on the rising of the tide we got off without serious damage, and arrived at Hong-Kong early in July. Sir Hugh Gough, the Commander-in-Chief, inspected us there, and only one private was on the sick-list; it was a case of strangulated hernia, in which I had been obliged to operate in the middle of the night with a heavy sea running.

While anchored in Hong-Kong Bay we encountered

two terrible hurricanes, in one of which our ship drifted several miles with all anchors down and nearly got on shore. Some vessels went down at their anchors, and some of the men-of-war had to cut away their masts. The loss of life was considerable, but chiefly among the Chinese. Everything in the shape of house or hut in Hong-Kong was levelled with the ground.

Sailed with the Fleet and was present at the capture of Amoy, 21st August. The action was almost entirely a naval one. The excessive heat was our greatest enemy, and the mosquitoes the most troublesome objects.

From Amoy we had a stormy passage in September to Chusan. Present at the taking of the city of Tinghai on 1st October. My regiment was the one chiefly engaged; it stormed a steep and long range of heights, where the enemy was strongly posted. After carrying every point, the city wall was approached, and after some delay, was carried by escalade. I was well under fire, and for the first time. Assistant-Surgeon Hutchinson, who was walking by my side, had a portion of the peak of his cap carried away. I dressed several wounds, cut out one ball, and aided Dr Shanks in amputating an arm. We had one officer killed, Ensign Duell. He had been just raised from the ranks, and carried on this, his first day of duty, the Regimental Colour. I was among the first to come upon his body on the face of the hill.

A few days afterwards I accompanied a detachment on a forced march in pursuit of the enemy to Sin-

kea-mun, a distance of 17 or 20 miles in a hot day over a rough stone footpath. Found the enemy fled, so we took shelter in a Chinaman's house, where my native servant cooked a savoury meal at twelve at night! Mr Gutzlaff, the missionary and interpreter, was of our party, and we slept in our clothes. Returned on the morrow with a third of the force disabled—most of them from drink, but many from being foot-sore. I was a volunteer for the duty, and got nothing for my pains.

I now settled down at Chusan in charge of the garrison of Tinghai, Assistant-Surgeon Jowett being in charge of the Hospital Ship in the harbour. My first work was to collect all the wounded Chinese, many of whom were in the most pitiable state, and dying from want of surgical aid and proper nourishment; for their countrymen had entirely deserted them. Major Stephens, the Commandant, sanctioned my indentments, but they were disallowed at Headquarters until I had forwarded a touching explanation of the circumstances. I performed one amputation of the thigh, one of the leg, and several minor operations. These did well, and the poor fellows were very grateful, although at first under the impression that they were being tortured. One of them, a fine Tartar soldier, tore away all the bandages and ligatures soon after the operation, and for some time he had to be bound and watched.

I remained at Chusan till February 1842, when I sailed to join the Headquarters of the Regiment at Chin-hae. Sent in a report of the diseases which occurred during the last two months amongst the

detachments there, accompanied with observations on the temperature, and also the situation of the city and the surrounding district as affecting health. Recommended the drainage of the valley in which Tinghai is situated, and the adoption of police laws within the city, as the only means to prevent a recurrence of the dreadful disease and mortality which happened here last campaign.

Soon afterwards a night attack on that city was made by the Chinese, and I accompanied our left wing in pursuit of the enemy, of whom not many were shot, although we pursued them a long way, and were often under fire of their gingals.

In April the Fleet was again assembled under Admiral Sir William Parker, and the troops embarked for the northward.

The town and garrison of Chapoo were captured on the 18th May. Our chief danger was from the wild firing of the Navy, the shells falling so near our column that the men had to lie down. I went out with a wing of the 55th in pursuit of the flying enemy; a good many were shot, and we captured an officer very badly wounded in the abdomen. We had one officer, Captain Campbell, mortally wounded in the head. During our stay at Chapoo I had much practice among the wounded Chinese and Tartars, in which I was kindly aided by Dr French, of the 49th Foot. A large building was quite crowded, the majority of the cases being self-inflicted wounds in the throat in attempting suicide. I had one amputation of the leg, which was doing well when we left. In the Tartar part of the town the scenes



of wholesale suicide of men, women, and children, were the most heartrending I ever witnessed. The wickedness and the misery of war were never more apparent.

The Fleet again stood out to sea and met with favourable weather. On the 17th June 1842 we crossed the bar of the great Yang-tse-kiang or Yellow River. It was a magnificent sight, seventy sail moving in with a gentle fair breeze and all canvas set, the men-of-war leading in divisions. On the 18th the long line of batteries at Woosung, mounting nearly 500 guns, were attacked by the Fleet, but not silenced till the troops landed, when the enemy fled. The only casualties were in the Navy.

The 55th Regiment marched about 3 miles to the walled town of Poushan, which was found deserted. My only adventure there was rescuing a poor infant, that I found in a ditch deserted by its parents in their flight. After feeding it up I made search for some woman to take charge of it, and, after much difficulty, succeeded, making over with it a goodly supply of captured "cash" to secure kind treatment. After three days we embarked on steamers to aid in the attack on Shanghai, which fell after a feeble resistance. Here we were quartered in the picturesque "Tea-gardens," and our chief enemy was the mosquitoes, the air literally swarming with them at all times. After evacuating this great commercial city we again embarked on the *Worcester* transport, and commenced the slow and really difficult ascent of the Yang-tse-kiang; the little steamers *Nemesis* and *Phlegethon* sounding and leading the way for the Fleet. It was a wonderful sight to see lines of battle-ships like the *Cornwallis* thus



navigating an unknown river and entering the interior of this great Empire, so helpless for any effective resistance. It was the triumph of civilisation over barbarism, and yet the Chinese are in many respects a highly civilised people.

The important city of Chin-kiang-foo, at the entrance to the Grand Canal, was stormed and taken on the 21st July. The 55th Regiment had nearly all the fighting, its Grenadier Company leading the assault by escalade, and having two officers wounded. It was my turn of duty to receive and take charge of the wounded. These were brought off to the Hospital Ship in man-of-war boats late at night—and what a night it was! for I had no assistance, and some of the wounds were of a dangerous, some of a mortal, nature.

Sickness now rapidly increased on shore and my hospital became filled; it was, however, in good order, and considering what campaigning is, the sick were well off. Cholera at this time attacked the force, and Dr Shanks relieved me from the charge of the Hospital Ship. I was then sent to take charge of H.M. 49th Regiment—chiefly cholera cases sent off from the shore. Of its victims at this time were Major Stephens and Dr Flyter. I had just got this hospital into order when cholera appeared in my own regiment, and I had to join it, Dr Shanks saying that as “he could not go, I *must*.” Soon afterwards an express arrived from Sir Hugh Gough, commanding the forces, ordering up the flank companies of our brigade to reinforce the army about to attack Nanking. It was my turn of duty for the field, and therefore my right to go with our flank companies, but the General (Schoedde) re-

fused, although the officer to command—Major Fawcett—asked for me. Here my good friend Shanks came quite unsolicited to the rescue, fought manfully for me with the testy General, and carried the day by telling him that it was the first time in a long service that he had interfered with his arrangements for the duties of the assistant-surgeons. The troops were already on board, and the steamers getting their fires up, so there was not a moment to lose. I bundled up a few things and got on board just in time. My brain that night was full of visions of the crowning victory of the campaign in the capture of Nanking.

We reached our destination without misadventure, landed on the 12th August, and joined Lord Saltoun's brigade. Our quarters were in a low-lying village, surrounded by paddy fields—a hot-bed of malaria. My first care was to secure the best possible building for a hospital, and this foresight was rewarded; for before the close of the month I had 70 men on the sick-list out of a strength of 153—all of them hale and healthy men on landing. Out of 8 officers 5 were sick. My apothecary and all the hospital servants were soon laid up, so that I had to prepare and often to administer the medicines myself. Daily I used to be at the hospital by dawn and rarely got back to breakfast before eleven o'clock. After a few hours' rest my visit was repeated, and again at a late hour. My supply of medicines became exhausted, so I resolved to go myself for a fresh stock, and at the same time to represent the state of matters to the military and medical authorities. Visited hospital at 4 A.M.—walked down 7 miles to the creek, where I took a boat, in which I was

exposed for several hours before I reached the Headquarters' Ship. After an interview with the Commander-in-Chief and the Superintending-Surgeon (Sir James Thomson), I got luncheon and my stores, and proceeded back by the same route, reaching camp at midnight, and terminating the fatigues of the day by a round of the hospital.

Such exertion under exposure to the sun of a sultry September day could scarcely have been borne, unless under the excitement of the urgency of the occasion which called for it. But negotiations for peace were now going on, and the proposed assault on Nanking was delayed. Shortly afterwards a treaty was signed and the troops withdrawn. I can never forget our last day of campaigning there. We were all active at an early hour, and there was a joyous look on the wannest faces at the prospect of quitting this place of suffering. The sick were to come on slowly in the rear with myself and the Adjutant. I had got all the worst cases placed on doors or shutters, and carried by coolies. The morning was fine, but the day turned out to be wet and very hot, and long before we reached the man-of-war boats in which we were to embark, we were shocked to find our progress checked by the giving way of the embankment of the Canal. There was before us a broad rapid stream that entirely cut off our communications, and we saw no means of relief, for the troops, our comrades in advance, were ignorant of our position.

A decision had at once to be come to. The Adjutant (poor Butler, who afterwards fell gloriously at Inkermann) stripped and swam across the stream,

and on the opposite bank he found a large tub—such as the Chinese use for holding liquid manure—and by means of this and a long bamboo pole, we ferried over the whole of the sick by two and two at a time. I now got some shelter for them, and lighting a fire with a few sticks, I prepared some sago, and gave each man a cupful with a little brandy or wine, a small supply of which was, fortunately, still remaining. We were now able to resume our march, but it was exhausting work, standing or wading up to the thighs for hours in the now inundated country, and it was late in the afternoon before we got on board our transport and had any food. I at once took a tumbler of port-wine negus, bathed my tender feet in hot water, and so ended my last campaigning day in China; for we were henceforth in the country of a friendly power.

I often look back with surprise that I, physically the weakest of the party, escaped so well, for I had not a day's illness. I attribute this mainly to the healthful strain on my mind and body. I was in excellent spirits, proud of the responsibility of my position, and encouraged by my success; for I brought back to the regiment every officer and man of the detachment—many of them, it is true, very prostrate, but I believe that all ultimately recovered. This success was partly attributable to my foresight and care, but mainly owing to the excellent health condition of the men; they were well seasoned, and had been fed on fresh provisions during the past winter, while the men of the 98th Foot and the Royal Artillery encamped near us were new arrivals from England, and had been long



on salt provisions. In them the type of fever and dysentery was consequently more dangerous, and the mortality truly heartrending. The situation of their camp and hospital was also less favourable than that of the 55th, and in this matter I could also fairly claim some merit, especially as regards our hospital, a large temple on a high piece of ground.

The whole Expeditionary Force, naval and military, was prostrated by sickness, when at length the Fleet began to drop down the river slowly, and all hoped to derive benefit from the sea air. The winter, however, set in early, with high northerly winds, which caused an increase of sickness among the weak in the form of relapses of ague and an aggravation of the bowel complaints.

I occupied my spare time in drawing up a report on the diseases which prevailed in our camp before Nanking. I may add here that during the whole of the active period of the campaign in 1841 and 1842, I was the military correspondent of the *Calcutta Englishman*—a self-imposed labour for which I received no remuneration, owing to the bankruptcy of the editor (Stocqueler).

In October, the Headquarters' Wing of the 55th settled down at Chusan. While stationed here, I received a letter from Sir Charles Forbes, dated

FITZROY SQUARE, 4th August 1842.

I hope the following will be acceptable to you—at all events, if it does you no good, it can do you no harm.



*Extract from a private note addressed to Lord Aberdeen (then Foreign Secretary) by Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., dated 22nd July 1842.*

I take this opportunity of sending for your Lordship's perusal a letter from Chusan, received yesterday by H.M.S. *Wellesley*. It is from Mr Alex. Grant, a young friend of mine, to whom my lamented son gave an assistant-surgeoncy on the Bengal establishment, on the recommendation of Mr Duff of Haddo. It speaks for itself, and *does the writer great credit*, particularly in his sympathy and humanity towards the wounded Chinese. I was at Canton fifty-one years ago! and have a high opinion of the people, and a sincere regard for them.

*Extract from Lord Aberdeen's Answer, dated 23rd July 1842.*

I return with many thanks Mr Grant's letter, which gives an interesting, although in some respects, a painful account of the state of affairs on the coast of China.

Sir Charles adds—

I fully concur in all you say. If you have an opportunity, give my kind regards to the *Plenipo*, who is an old friend of mine, or rather *I* am of *his*, having got him introduced into the political line in the year 1808 or 1809, when he went to Scinde with Mr Hankey Smith. I wish him well, but, as I told him on his departure, I cannot wish success to the *vile opium war!* Write as often as convenient to George or me. God bless and prosper you!

I continued to write from time to time, and after leaving China found that Sir Charles sent my letters to *The Times*. My attention to him resulted in his presenting to my brother John a Commission in the Madras Army. It was quite unsolicited.

I remained attached to the Headquarters' Wing. The left Wing proceeded to Hong-Kong to form a portion of the garrison there.

During the whole of the year 1843 I remained at Chusan with regular and comparatively light duty. The troops were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit; the duty was light, undue exposure was avoided, and the issue of fresh meat was regular. In consequence of these favouring hygienic elements there was an absence of that terrible sickness and mortality which destroyed the Cameronian Regiment in the same locality in 1840. We all suffered more or less from the endemic diarrhoea and ague of the country during the rainy season, but there were no casualties among the officers, and few even among the men.

In December the weather was very severe, the canals being frozen over and the thermometer at times as low as  $12^{\circ}$  below freezing point.

In my daily walks into the surrounding country, I took careful note of the Chinese system of agriculture, so admirable in many of its features. The journal of these observations was published by the Agri-Horticulture Society of Bengal, and a special note of thanks was forwarded to me.

Early in the year 1844, the 55th, after twenty-one years of foreign service, received orders to return to England. In a letter in *The Times*, dated from Chusan, the writer mentions that he had visited the graves of the British soldiers buried there, and quotes the following inscription—

To the memory of 11 Sergeants, 13 Corporals, 4 Drummers, and 403 Privates, of H.M. 55th Regiment, who were killed in action or died from disease while serving in China, from the 15th July 1841 to the 22nd February 1844.

At Chusan also are buried two officers—one Ensign Duell, killed in action ; the other, Captain Campbell, died of his wounds. At Hong-Kong we lost several others. I can remember only Captain Young, Lieutenant De Hamland, Adjutant Magrath, Ensign Campbell.

In February I accompanied the Headquarters from Chusan to Hong-Kong, where the left wing was stationed ; it had suffered grievous losses both in officers and men, and it was sad to look on the pale and wan faces of those who had been spared. I now hoped to be permitted to return to Bengal ; there had, however, been so many casualties among the medical officers of the force that the 98th Regiment at Hong-Kong was left in charge of a young Assistant-Surgeon, much my junior, and I was consequently detained to do duty with this corps (then commanded by Colonel Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde), until the exigencies of the public service should be less pressing. The detention was a great pecuniary loss to me ; for all my contemporaries in Bengal had medical charges ; moreover, the Staff salary for charge of a wing was denied me, and the illegal deduction of income tax was made from my pay. I remonstrated in vain, as General D'Aguilar, the officer commanding, was new to the country, and ignorant of the Indian regulations.

I took leave of the 55th Regiment with much emotion—it had been my home for three eventful years, and I had not one unpleasant incident to look back upon. My kind and esteemed friend, the Surgeon, sent me, without a hint, the following testimony to my character and services, and I continued to correspond with him till the day of his death, ten years afterwards.

VICTORIA, HONG-KONG,  
11th March 1844.

I hereby certify that Assistant-Surgeon A. Grant, of the H.C. Bengal Establishment, joined H.M. 55th Regiment at Calcutta in April 1841, accompanied it throughout the whole of the Chinese Expedition, and now leaves, universally regretted, on the embarkation of the corps for England. I cannot allow Mr Grant to depart without expressing to him the deep sense of obligation I am under to him, for the very valuable professional assistance he has rendered me on all occasions, and I cannot better record the high opinion I entertain of Mr Grant's merits, than by affirming that during a long course of active service in various quarters of the globe, I consider him one of the very best medical officers I have ever met with.

A. SHANKS, M.D.,  
*Surgeon, H.M. 55th Regiment.*

I now settled down in my new charge, which was a very responsible and laborious one, in a climate so deadly as Hong-Kong possessed at that early period of its occupation. I had a daily average of seventy to eighty European sick in a wretched temporary hospital, and I was without any assistance. My own quarters on the ground floor were miserable indeed, and I had now only Chinese servants. The prevailing diseases were fever and dysentery, of so rapid and formidable a character as to require constant attention, so that I had to make visits to the wards by night as well as by day. Upon the whole, however, I was successful, although the influence of medicine was disappointing. In June some extra medical officers arrived from Madras, and I was permitted to return to Bengal by taking charge of the flank company of the 41st Madras Native Infantry.



I bade adieu to Hong-Kong with no regrets, and had scarce lost sight of its bold and barren shores when we found ourselves contending against a strong monsoon in the China sea. Several attempts were made to beat down to Singapore, but they were all in vain, so we ran for the Philippine Islands, at one of which—Samboangan—we stayed a week to water and provision. The Spanish officers there—one of them of Scottish extraction—were very courteous and hospitable. Sailing again, we skirted Macassar and the narrow seas of that region, where more than once we were in danger from coral reefs. We next sighted Java and touched at Anjeer to take in fresh water. Here we procured a file of *The Times*, where I noticed some letters which I recognised as my own, having been addressed to Sir Charles Forbes.

Passing through the Straits of Sunda we reached the open sea, but, unfortunately, met with prolonged calms, so that it was September before we anchored in Madras Roads. I accompanied the troops to Palaveram and then returned to Madras, where I was detained three weeks, till I got a passage to Bengal. I arrived in Calcutta early in October, and was soon on the move again, having been asked to proceed on a special duty to Bombay. I really welcomed this trip, hoping to meet my brother John, who was coming from Mercara to the coast, to embark for England, on account of abscess in the liver; this hope, however, was not realised, and I returned from Bombay towards the close of the year.



## CHAPTER V

IN INDIA : THE TWO SIKH WARS. WITH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

IN 1845 I received about the same time the offer of the medical charge of Simla from the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Gough, and the Civil Station of Bhagulpore from the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge—both good appointments, and I was therefore in some perplexity which to choose. By the advice of Dr Simon Nicolson, who expressed an interest in me, I accepted Bhagulpore, and never had occasion to regret this choice.

I joined in the end of January, succeeding a very able and popular man, Dr Leckie. The duties were comparatively new to me, and somewhat laborious, owing to the great extent of the station. But I was, on the whole, satisfied with my position, and made some warm friendships that lasted.

In the course of this year I contributed to the *Calcutta Medical Journal* a series of papers under the head of "Medical Sketches of the Expedition to China," in which were embodied my experiences in that country.

My settlement at Bhagulpore was short-lived, for in January 1846 I was very unexpectedly ordered off

to join the Army of the Sutlej, in the first Sikh War. The order, however, was perfectly acceptable, and I remember tossing my hat in the air after reading the official letter. I immediately laid my dak, and got off so expeditiously that I arrived at Allahabad before my letter of advice had reached the post-master there. From thence, travelled horse-dak to Cawnpore, then by palanquin to Delhi, hoping to pick up some detachment of troops moving upwards, but not succeeding, I pushed on to Kurnal, where I arrived at 4 A.M., just in time to meet an escort with remount horses for the Artillery starting for Ferozepore. A hasty breakfast, a visit to a sick officer, the purchase of a pony in the bazaar, and the engagement of a miserable servant, completed my arrangements, and I pushed on to join my new friends after their first march. The party consisted of three medical officers and seven cadets; their servants, picked up at Kurnal, bolted the first night, carrying off everything of value they could lay hands on. I had the only bottle of brandy, and reserved it in case of sickness, but the thieves appropriated it. In the way of food we had to depend on the horse-keepers for chupatties and a daily meal of rice, with occasional curry of dhal or goat-flesh. We washed up our own dishes. For seventeen nights we slept in the open air with swords and pistols by our side, for we were in the country of an active enemy. The nights were often bitterly cold and the days very hot, for although we were on the move at dawn, we often did not reach our encampment till late in the afternoon. Dr Kean caught dysentery, and we carried him along on a charpoy. Arrived at Ferozepore, we rented the Artillery

mess-house, and for three days had to live on very short commons, until we got a servant to cook for us.

I was attached to the Depot Field Hospital, a most unsatisfactory charge. There was no organisation and my hands were tied, for the Chief Medical Officer seemed to take no interest in his charge, and was never seen in the wards. Happily, peace soon followed, and I was rewarded by a year's *batta* for having pushed on so rapidly to the front.

I returned to Bhagulpore in May, having travelled nearly 1200 miles by palanquin in this the hottest month of the year. My old and valued friend Jowett accompanied me.

During all 1847 I was settled at Bhagulpore save for a month's leave to Calcutta to meet my brother John, and this was the only holiday I took in India. My duties kept me actively employed, for besides those of a professional nature I was also Post-master and Registrar of Deeds. During the rainy season of this year I was mercifully preserved from drowning, the boat in which I was sailing with Major Napleton and party having been upset and lost.

During the hot weather of 1848 my health began to break up. I was attacked with intermittent fever, and, feeling myself unequal to the fatigue and exposure that the duties of so large and scattered a station demanded, I applied for, and was appointed to Chuprah, one of the three best stations in Bengal. This step took my Bhagulpore friends by surprise, and caused so general a feeling of regret that I would have reconsidered my

position, had I not been given to understand that my doing so would give offence to the Governor of Bengal.

I joined my new station in August, and had the good fortune to get the valuable Registry of Deeds, which, with my private practice, raised my income to nearly 1000 rupees a month. The duties were light, and I now looked forward to being settled for eight or ten years, when I might expect to be promoted to a surgeoncy. But at the close of September, and after I had been only three weeks at Chuprah, I was startled by receiving the following letter from the Governor-General at Calcutta.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,  
24th September 1848.

SIR,—Although I have not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with you, I take the liberty of addressing you myself, both because the matter on which I write is urgent, and because I wish you to perceive that I attach importance to it.

The state of public affairs in the North-West renders it expedient that I should proceed to the frontier with all convenient speed. I am compelled to leave Lady Dalhousie to follow me in camp.

My own health will not admit of my proceeding without a medical officer, and Lady Dalhousie's health renders a medical attendant absolutely necessary for her. It is expedient for several reasons that my own surgeon, Dr Bell, should be present with me, and I am consequently at a loss to supply his place in attendance on Lady Dalhousie.

No medical officer in the service has been more strongly recommended than yourself, and I am truly desirous of obtaining the benefit of your services and your skill during the period, uncertain in extent, in which I am, or may be compelled, to be absent.

If it should not be altogether impracticable, I should be happy to obtain your consent to your proceeding, on leave of absence as *soon as you receive this letter*, to Calcutta, in order to accompany Lady Dalhousie, who will leave it on the 7th proximo for Simla.

I need hardly say that this temporary separation from your charge will not, of course, be suffered to injure your present income, or be injurious to your future prospects. — I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient faithful servant,

DALHOUSIE.

Dr A. GRANT, Chuprah.

My first impulse was to respectfully decline this honour, for I had misgivings as to the position being one suited to my tastes and habits. But partly from a sense of duty, and partly from a feeling that here was a new opening for advancement of which I should avail myself, I accepted the invitation conveyed to me in terms so flattering. Having arranged my affairs as best I could, I started next day, picked up a steamer at Dinapore, but apprehending that I should be too late, I left her off the mouth of the Jalangi and pushed on by a shorter route during the night in a small native boat as far as Moorshidabad, where by aid of the magistrate I got a better and safer conveyance. I arrived at Calcutta early on the 7th September, exhausted and very unwell, and had a reprieve till the 9th, when we started for the Upper Provinces. We proceeded as far as Allahabad by water, thence by easy marches to Agra, where we encamped within the grounds of the Lieutenant-Governor. Our next move was to Delhi, where we remained some weeks as the guests of the Commissioner, Sir Thomas Metcalfe.



From Delhi we marched to Meerut, and thence to Simla, where we arrived in March.

The battle of Goojrat terminated the Punjab war, and the country having been annexed, the Governor-General rejoined Lady Dalhousie at Simla in April. His Lordship thanked me warmly for my attentions and successful services, and invited me to become his personal medical attendant. I, of course, could not but acquiesce, much as I still longed for the seclusion and independence of my position at Chuprah. I found Lord Dalhousie in broken health, and was made too soon aware of the difficult, delicate, and responsible duty I had undertaken.

The season was a very sickly one, and I had other anxious duties connected with some of the families of the General Staff. I was myself also very unwell, suffering often from attacks of ague alternating with hill diarrhœa and aphthous ulceration of the mouth. Added to all these I met with a serious accident from my horse falling with me over a precipice, causing concussion of the brain. It was an unhappy season altogether. At the close of the rains I thought so unfavourably of Lord Dalhousie's health that I felt it my duty to advise him either to return to England, or to proceed on a trip to sea; the latter alternative was chosen, and so the camp moved from Simla early in November, and, taking the route by Lahore, we marched to Mooltan; from thence by steamer down the Indus making short halts at Sukkur, Hyderabad and Kurrachî. At the last place the *Feroze* steam frigate was waiting our arrival, and we embarked on

the 24th January, and had a pleasant passage to Bombay, where we were the guests of the Governor, Lord Falkland.

Left Bombay on the 2nd February and steamed along the bold coast of Southern India, looked in at the magnificent Bay of Goa, crossed the Gulf of Manaar, and anchored for twelve hours in Colombo Bay; from thence to Point-de-Galle, where we had to coal, then across the Bay of Bengal in a direct course to Singapore, the principal settlement in the Straits of Malacca. After three pleasant days there, retraced our way calling at Malacca and at Penang, where we spent ten days in the Government House on the Hill, from whence the views are the finest I have ever witnessed. From Penang our course lay up the bay to Moulmein, where we met a new race—the Burmese, having many of the features and habits of the Chinese and Malay population of the Straits.

We landed at Calcutta on the 7th March, and on the 21st Captain Fane (now Lord Westmoreland) and myself accompanied Lady Dalhousie to Mussoorie, where we arrived on the 5th April, and were the guests of Colonel Mayne of the Body Guard. On the 14th we started for Simla, marching across the hills by Nahun, and arriving on the 21st. The Governor-General, who had been detained in Calcutta by the pressure of public business, arrived some time afterwards, and suffered so much from the heat and exposure on the long dak journey as to neutralise whatever good the sea trip had done him. It was now absolutely necessary that his Lordship should escape the rainy season at Simla, and the only means of doing so was to proceed into the

interior of the country beyond the influence of the monsoon. I recommended Chini, and we proceeded there in June. The distance, about 150 miles, was accomplished in 14 marches: the road was in places a mere track through some of the most magnificent Himalayan scenery; parts were so rugged that it had to be done on foot, and our ponies lowered by ropes. We had changes of temperature from that of the sultry valley to that of the region of snow, but the arrangements made were excellent, and all went well.

Chini is situated at an elevation of 9000 feet, the ground having a steep slope to the banks of the Sutlej. On the opposite side of that river rises the great Khyber range, 21,000 feet high. The climate was all that we anticipated, and for a sense of physical enjoyment is unequalled. I extract from my journal at this time:—

There is a lightness and activity of mind and freedom about the chest not felt at Simla. During the early part of July the atmosphere was dry, elastic, and invigorating; the sky generally of a beautiful deep blue or azure colour. The clouds towards evening collect on the mountains, but rarely descend to the valley, and never approach the level of our tents. Towards the end of the month frequent very gentle showers, which relieve the feeling of dryness in the air. At times distant thunder heard, but no lightning observed. The mornings generally calm and clear—towards noon a breeze sets in.

After three months' absence we returned to Simla on the 7th October, and remained there till the 30th.

On the 1st November we moved into camp in the plains and marched to Umritsar, where there were great durbars and illuminations. Reached Lahore on the 28th,

and halted there till the 10th December. Then marched to Wuzeerabad, where we arrived on the 18th, Goojrat on the 8th January, crossed the river Jhelum on the 19th, and entered Rawul Pindi on the 28th. With a flying camp, and under the guidance of Sir John Lawrence, we marched through a sterile country to Nara on the Indus, and visited the salt mines. Retracing our steps we moved towards Peshawur, which was not reached till the 8th March, there having been many delays from the heaviness of the rains and the scarcity of food for the cattle of the camp. On the 18th we marched from Peshawur, crossed the Indus at Attok on the 24th, at Rawul Pindi on the 29th, Sialkot the 13th April, Noorpoor the 20th, and thence through the beautiful hill district of Kangra to Dhurumsala and Simla. There we arrived on the 12th May, having been thus nearly seven months marching, and so completed the examination of the Punjab—that richest and most interesting portion of the Indian Empire.

Lord Dalhousie suffered much at times from the great vicissitudes of temperature, and especially from the damp cold in tents. At some places the thermometer sank to freezing point, while on the return march it was generally above 90° in the day-time, and more than once as high as 103 in his Lordship's tent. Among the chief incidents of the journey were the Grand Durbar of the Frontier Chiefs of Peshawur, and the meeting of the Governor-General and the Maharaja of Cashmere, Goolab Sing, at Lahore.

We remained at Simla till 4th November, when we took final leave of that place, and marched across the hills to Mussoorie—sixteen stages. In these Himalayan



wanderings I was struck by the number of people who applied to me on account of blindness from cataract, and operated on many of them.

From Mussoorie we proceeded to Roorkee, where the general camp was formed—then visited Hurdwar, and marched through the plains of Rohilcund, arriving at Moradabad 8th December, and Bareilly the 15th. Here Sir Henry Elliot was seriously ill of the form of dysentery which caused his death two years afterwards at the Cape of Good Hope.

Our march was pleasant and interesting, and we arrived at Cawnpore on the 6th January 1852, Allahabad on the 18th, and Benares on the 25th. Here Lord Dalhousie left and proceeded by carriage dak to Calcutta on account of the Burmese war breaking out. Lady Dalhousie, Sir Henry and Lady Elliot, and myself, embarked in the Government yacht, and did not arrive at Calcutta till the 15th February.

Three weeks of March were spent at Barrackpore, and Lady Dalhousie's state of health demanding a further change, Colonel Ramsay and myself accompanied her to Ceylon. Sailed by the *Oriental* 8th April, and landed at Galle on the 17th—thence by coach to Colombo, Kandy, and Newara Eliya, which was reached on the 29th, and a dismal place we found it. For five months it rained almost incessantly, and although cold, it was by no means bracing. Sick of its gloom and solitude, we gladly quitted it on the 25th September, and were again at Galle on the 30th. We took lodgings there for a month, embarked again on the 22nd, and landed in Calcutta on the 28th. I occupied some of my spare time in compiling a "Guide to the Domestic



Medicine Chest in India," which, although published anonymously, was well received, and, I hope, did some good.

On the 23rd January 1853, Lady Dalhousie embarked for England *via* the Cape; she suffered much from sea-sickness, and appears to have sunk from sheer exhaustion as the vessel entered the British Channel. This was a most painful incident. The shock to the Governor-General was terrible, and he suffered much both mentally and physically during the whole of that year. In February we had a trip to the Arracan Coast, visiting Khyook-Phyoo, Akyab, and Chittagong. In June I suffered from fever and much irritation from boils on my right leg. Went to sea on the 12th November, and visited Rangoon, returning to Calcutta on the 27th. On 9th December the Governor-General embarked on the *Zenobia*; arrived at Akyab on the 11th, Rangoon on the 16th, and next day proceeded by river steamer up the Irawadi, a most interesting trip, and through scenery far more beautiful than that of the valley of the Ganges. We visited the military stations at Prome, Thayet-myo, Meaday, and the Pegu frontier line, which was taken formal possession of, and a Royal salute fired.

In October of this year appeared the first number of the *Indian Annals of Medical Science*, a journal which I projected. The late lamented Dr Bedford wrote to me:—

“I am sanguine of the success of the undertaking, and feel grateful for the public spirit which induced you to take it up. The Service has certainly been intellectually inactive of late, but I think I discern symptoms of reaction.”

In intimating to Dr Chevers Lord Dalhousie's approval of our undertaking, he replied :

“ Your mention of my name to his Lordship was indeed kind, scarcely fair to yourself indeed, as you are in every way the originator and organiser of the concern, and I have merely worked out some of the details, playing builder to your architect.”

Dr Chevers and I were joint-editors. A second edition of the first number was called for. I contributed a paper on Hill Diarrhœa and Dysentery, and the question of the Hill Stations as Sanitaria for European troops.

On the 5th January 1854 we returned to Rangoon and embarked on the 9th : arrived at Bassein on the 12th, and spent a day there. Then to sea again, and we got the pilot on board at the Sandheads on the 16th. My health was much benefited by this change. During the hot and rainy season of the year we remained in Calcutta. At the close of April I had a sharp attack of inflammation of the cæcum, requiring active treatment, which left me very weak ; and for many years afterwards the affected side troubled me after any fatigue.

In November we proceeded to sea on the *Zenobia*, frigate, for the benefit of the Governor-General's health, and ran down the coast as far as Poori, where we landed and examined the Temple of Juggernath. A good deal of my spare time was occupied in editing the *Annals*.

## CHAPTER VI

IN BURMA—ALEXANDER GRANT'S JOURNAL.

DALHOUSIE'S conquest of Pegu and the subsequent prosperity of British Burma, which has now become the model province of India, give a peculiar interest to Mr Grant's private Journal of his visit half a century ago. To that we add a general sketch of the country under British Rule.

When, in 1824, the Cabinet found itself committed to war with the King of Burma, and the Duke of Wellington was asked his advice, he at once replied—"Send Lord Combermere." "But we have always understood that your Grace thought Lord Combermere a fool." "So he is a fool—an utter fool; but he can take Rangoon." It was to Sir Archibald Campbell, however, that that port fell, followed by the treaty of Yandabu in 1826; and it fell the second time to General Godwin's naval and military forces in the second war of 1852. So little was thought of the commercial capital of Burma at that time! The work had to be completed by a third war, and on New Year's Day, 1886, General Prendergast read, from the Royal palace in Mandalay, the proclamation of Lord Dufferin as Viceroy and Governor-General, which declared the whole of (Upper) Burma to be for ever thenceforth part of the dominions of the Sovereign of the British

Empire. Next to the conquest and pacification of the Punjab, there has been no such record, in all history, of administrative prosperity as that which has marked the Lieutenant-Governorship of Burma in the last seventy-three years of the nineteenth century.

The dynasty of the patriotic usurper Alaunghpra, known to Europeans as Alompra, who founded Rangoon and took the whole country, lasted little more than a century. Such was the oppression of which its successive members were guilty, that the people were becoming extinct, and the fertile land a jungle. Thibaw and his two queens, with their mother, whom Lord Dufferin deported as State prisoners to Ratnagiri, in Western India, were the last representatives of the cruellest oppressors who ever misgoverned a rich land and a patient people, welded into a sort of civilisation by the Buddhism of India. Hence the country became known as the land of Brahma, or Burma, when its indigenous races were united under the Mongoloid race, whom we call the Burmese. Nominally one of the twelve great provinces of India, Burma differs from them all in respect of its Buddhist faith and the China-like characteristics of its people. It is really a bit of Southern China, and is destined to a great future, and, possibly, considerable expansion, if the Empire of China continues to break in pieces. As French intrigues from the side of Tong-king forced the third and last war upon us in self-defence, and threaten the very existence of our ally of Siam, so the rivalry of the colonial faction in Paris may drive us to develop our railway system through Yunnan, and ultimately to the

Yang-tse valley. In more senses than one, Burma is our Far-Eastern Egypt.

The country has now an area of 256,195 square miles. It is bigger than Prussia, and nearly the size of all Spain. Yet its population is only twice that of Scotland. The census of February, 1901, shows that its people have increased to ten and a half millions. Nature has done everything for Burma, in fertile soil, rich forests, splendid waterways and mountain ranges, which need only occupation to be the paradise of the future. But Asiatic mis-government has made the one want of the land to be human beings. All around its land frontiers, Bengal and China, are rabbit warrens, occasionally decimated by famine, but Burma is the granary which feeds them, and would feed half the world were it cultivated as it will one day be under our good government. As it is, the scanty population whom we took over are increasing by leaps and bounds, partly by the immigration of labourers from Madras and China, partly by the fecundity of the Burmans themselves under our peaceful rule. More than seven of the seven and three quarter millions of 1891 were Buddhists and Jains some years ago, and the other three-quarters of a million were loyal aborigines like the stalwart Karens, Mohammedans, of whom there were a quarter of a million, and Hindu settlers who numbered about one hundred and eighty thousand. It is among the Karens that Christianity has won a remarkable triumph, due to the simplicity of their traditions preparing them for the new teaching. There are now nearly as many Christians as Hindus in the province. The forests, as admirably worked by the Bombay and Burma Trading Company, have attracted



not a few Europeans besides the officials. In Upper Burma alone there are already more than three thousand. Many of these are prosperous Scotsmen, and besides them, are several of that hardly less ubiquitous community, the Parsees.

If we got the land with too few native inhabitants, we enjoy the advantage of beginning the administration afresh on our own tried methods, free from such encumbrances as an idle and oppressive aristocracy, an ignorant and avaricious priesthood, caste, the degradation of woman, and other such evils, which make the Hindu social system seem to be dying very slowly in India Proper. Nowhere in all the world will be found so large and happy a nation of peasant proprietors, who bear with ease a higher rate of taxation for their own good than that of our other provinces. There are two millions of estates held by about a million and a half of peasant proprietors in twenty-eight thousand villages. The average holding all over the country is just under 6 acres, paying an average assessment of ten rupees per holding, or fifteen shillings a year in gold. If Bengal Proper could have been so treated by Lord Cornwallis, the Governor-General, and Pitt and Dundas in the Cabinet, a century ago, its people would have been ten times richer and happier, and the net revenues of India would be doubled. But Hinduism and the early inexperience of the old Company as rulers made that impossible.

Now Burma is the only part of our Eastern Empire where the land-tax can be increased considerably, without injury to the people and political danger to the State. This is not all. Burma stands alone

in paying a capitation tax besides. The economic objections to such an impost are familiar, but they do not apply in a country where the soil is so rich and the proportion of population to its vast extent is so painfully low. Close on a million male adults pay some £400,000 under this head. The income-tax falls practically on non-agriculturists. The salt-tax, also, is low, and, as yet, there are no landlords, usurers, or other middlemen. Nor is the Government now troubled by political events on the borders, such as make the Punjab so costly as the north-western gate of the Empire. Both the northern and the southern Shan States are equally marked by uninterrupted peace and progress. Even the Chin hills are now free from disturbances, so that the military and police expenditure there and in the Lushai hills has been greatly reduced. The establishment of law and order proceeds quietly in the once turbulent Kachin hills. Crimes of violence among the Burmese themselves are now few. The total gaol population averages daily only fourteen thousand. Disarmament and a wise system of gun-licensing have been wonderful pacifiers. The whole European garrison of a province in which our third war ceased only fourteen years ago, is some four thousand men. The native troops number nine thousand. Of the civil residents two thousand three hundred and sixty-five are volunteers.

The natural wealth of Burma promises for it a great future as the population increases. Already these merry peasant-proprietors export more than a million and a half tons of rice every year, pretty equally divided between India, China, and the Straits Settle-

ments in the East, and Europe and America in the West. The export has increased fifty per cent. in ten years. Next to rice in value and importance comes teak timber. The reserved forests in Lower and especially Upper Burma, cover an area of upwards of 14,000 square miles, or nearly that of all Switzerland. Thanks to the Marquis of Dalhousie and to Sir Dietrich Brandis, his scientific forester, whose system has been extended all over India, the Burma forests alone yield a net surplus revenue of close on half a million sterling (at par), and it is increasing every year. The contracts are so worked as to benefit also the Bombay and Burma Trading Corporation and two smaller firms, of which one is Mohammedan. These cut down and cleared out of the magnificent natural forests renewed by scientific planting, no fewer than 168,603 tons of teak, yielding the State a revenue of £167,361 a year. The jade mines at Myitkyina and the ruby-bearing stone track of Mogok did not at first yield so much under European supervision as the kings extracted by their more severe administration in the olden days, but the revenue from that source is now increasing, although the geological surveyors report some of the more famous mines as now worked out. But what the province loses in gems it gains in petroleum, of which there is an annual out-turn to the extent of nearly 15,000,000 of gallons. The sea-borne trade all over has grown more than fivefold in the last thirty years, to a par value £24,713,019, excluding treasure. The inland trade with China and the Shan States increased thirty-eight per cent. a year. The transfer of the railways to the Burma Railway Company,

under Rothschild influence, was a happy event for the whole region, from the Straits Settlements and Siam, up towards the Yang-tse. Free from political embarrassments, that Company and others may extend their projects and communications, as the new century goes on, to the benefit alike of its shareholders and of the Mongoloid races. For, after all, the higher civilisation, and not even commerce, is the justification of the work we have been doing in the great Burman peninsula. Our Government has been no less active in educating or helping their own Buddhist monks, and the American and British Christian missionaries, to instruct the eight or nine millions of people.

The one man whose name must be remembered as the author of it all, under successive Governor-Generals, from Dalhousie to Lord Dufferin, was the late Lieutenant-General, Sir Arthur P. Phayre, G.C.M.G. As soldier, administrator, scholar, and Christian gentleman, Captain Arthur Phayre, as he was best known, lived and died for the peoples of Burma. He was of the type of Henry and John Lawrence, and his name is worthy to be mentioned with theirs in the front rank of the men who have won India, and are civilising its three hundred millions. In his "History of Burma," little known save by a few scholars, he modestly tells how it was two Scotsmen who first revealed the Indo-Chinese peoples, their history and their languages—Dr John Leyden and Dr Francis Buchanan or Hamilton. Other Scotsmen have succeeded Phayre in the good work, but always following in his footsteps, notably the late Sir Charles Aitchison and Sir Alexander Mackenzie. And still the Scots are



to the front, alike in the civil and the commercial development of this fine province.

On the *Irrawady en route* to Prome, *Sunday, 18th December 1853*.—Embarked early on the 9th on board the steamer *Zenobia*, the party consisting of the Governor-General, Mr J. P. Grant, Major Banks, Major Ramsay, Captain Meacham, and myself. We got well out to sea on the first day—looked in at Akyab on the 11th (forty-eight hours' good sailing from Calcutta), on the 12th stood in between the Islands of Ramri and Cheduba to examine a bay which is destined to be the port of Prome, and arrived at Rangoon at 3 P.M. of the 16th. An agreeable party, a serene voyage, a good table, and good appetites to do justice to it!

Found all quiet, at least on the seaboard, but some parties out in search of dacoits and two bad pieces of news awaiting us—the murder of Captain Latter and the total loss of the steamer *Medusa* off Prome—the first supposed to be an act of private revenge, the second caused by a bump on a sunken rock.

Remained at Rangoon only two days. I did little more than once again visit the magnificent old Pagoda and pay one visit to a Mrs Spilsbury, a niece of a friend, Mr Brown, of Bhagulpore. The Governor-General was very busy, very active, and exposed himself and walked more than I liked. But I was pleased to see him again animated and mingling freely in society and apparently enjoying it.

Our party embarked yesterday morning on an accommodation boat for Prome. We have with us Captain Phayre, Commissioner; Major Fraser of the Engineers, Forsyth (afterwards Sir T. F.), I. Surgeon, and Captain Rennie of the *Zenobia*, with a party of his men. All yesterday we sailed through a series of islands covered with a dense mangrove jungle, like the Sunderbuns of the Ganges. We saw only a few fishermen in very small and primitive-looking canoes.

At 1 P.M. to-day we arrived at the coaling-station,



where there is a detachment of the 10th Bengal Native Infantry under command of Captain Thomson. The country becomes more open, the river banks higher, villages numerous, and some fine clumps of trees, forming altogether a scene not unlike Culna. Canoes come off with abundance of eggs, plantains, fish, dried and fresh, and some tuberous vegetable. The sellers are chiefly women, dark, plain, and Tartar-looking, but so merry as to give their countenances a pleasing expression.

*Prome, Christmas Day.*—Arrived here on the evening of the 21st, being less than five days on the route. The navigation is singularly clear; there is no body of pilots, yet for three nights we scarcely made any stay, and the only difficult part of the navigation was during the last day, when we were three hours aground. But not only is the river channel deep, but the water is comparatively clear, the banks in general high, the country well wooded, and the scenes altogether more picturesque than in any other river in India. As we near Prome the hills, which are densely wooded, bound the river, and stretch far away into the distance on the right bank. We passed several large towns, where there are detachments of our troops. Their homes were all on the right bank. The country on the left, especially the Tharawady district, being hostile to us, has not yet been taken possession of. A detachment is to leave tomorrow for the purpose of traversing the district and organising a local police.

In the afternoon of the 22nd all the troops were out, and the Governor-General landed in state. Forsyth and I missed our horses in getting out of the way of the guns of the saluting battery, so we had to trudge it on foot, and left the cavalcade to take a look at the Golden Pagoda. This is a small one compared with the massive pile at Rangoon, but all its appendages are more curious and picturesque; it is situated on a considerable hill and has three entrances, two being

grand flights of steps, with an arched corner-way of teak wood, beautifully carved, gilt and many roofed, in Chinese fashion. Each of the pillars is decorated with a circle of the signs of the zodiac, gilt, and done with great accuracy and taste. On the high platform there are innumerable statues of Guatama, large and small, one very large one of the god reposing, besides a multitude of other figures known only to the initiated.

On the 23rd I had a walk through the town, which is of great extent, and is laid out in wide open streets at right angles to each other. The people have raised new temporary mat huts. At present they appear in plenty, but they are of a poor or low class who have lost their all in the recent troubles. The Burmese burnt down the old town, and the people were robbed and fined and oppressed in every way. The burning has had this advantage, that the new town will be infinitely superior to the old one. There are a few Mogul and Parsee merchants already established; they have built brick shops—a great invasion on Burmese etiquette, for only temples and royal residences can aspire to lime and bricks. These merchants are enterprising men, and have a variety of goods that will supply every want of the European, and at prices extremely moderate. There are several pretty pagodas and many-roofed poongyee houses within the precincts of the town. The finest group is close to the residence of the late Captain Latter. One of these is covered with grotesque devices, showing Paradise above and its inmates looking complacently on the punishments being inflicted on the unhappy inmates of the lower regions—kettles with heads boiling in them, men sawn asunder, women hung, and others tied to stakes and burnt.

Yesterday evening I walked to the heights near Sir John Cheape's house, where the views of the river, hills, and surrounding country are really very fine, scarcely to be equalled anywhere in India, except near the Himalayan Mountains.

Attended Church service in the afternoon, when the Rev. Mr Burney preached an excellent practical dis-

course on the words, "Conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." Mr Burney is one of the most meritorious of our chaplains, full of energy, of charity, and humanity; his high personal character has given weight to his preaching, and made him respected and beloved by officers and men. The church was a rude wooden house, the residence formerly of some Buddhist priests.

There was a plain chair for the Governor-General, with wooden benches for the rest of the audience, a military one entirely, there being no women allowed at this frontier station.

Read one of Foster's sermons on sober-mindedness. He inculcates this on the young as the best promise of cheerfulness and vivacity in old age. I was struck by his division of sin into that which is from within us, and that from external action. I have chiefly to look to the former.

Thermometer to-day 85°, very warm for Christmas Day.

*27th December.*—Weighed at dawn of day. Three steamers and one troop boat; weather beautiful and the route very picturesque; the river winding much in a rocky bed girt in with hills with their autumnal clothing; the Aracan Mountains in the distance to the left. Passed many villages, and saw evidences of more busy population than in the lower provinces. Arrived at Meaday 5 P.M., distance run fifty-six miles.

The Governor-General landed at half-past six, amid salutes from the steamers and from the battery on shore. All the troops were drawn up to receive him. They looked very well, and are, and have been, very healthy.

This is the frontier post, and is a compact little garrison tolerably well defended, and with its present force, capable of holding out against any army the Burmese could send against it. But the Court of Ava seems resolved on peace; it is wise, after the event. The surrounding country is, however, in an unsettled

state, the people ignorant of our possession, and threatened in every way and oppressed by the former Governor, who has located himself near the frontier.

The district must be traversed by our troops to give confidence to the people.

*Prome, 29th December.*—Yesterday morning our fleet were early astir and steaming off to the boundary line six miles above Meaday, where we arrived about half-past seven o'clock.

The Governor-General landed about eight, and proceeded at once to the pillar, which has been recently erected by Major Allen, the Quarter-Master-General. His Lordship was received by Sir John Cheape and staff, a small body of troops, consisting of artillery European and Native foot and a party of Irregular Horse. A band was also in attendance. The spot was a picturesque one, green and wooded, at the foot of a rocky spur which abuts into the river.

Lord Dalhousie stated in few words that the line had been measured with great care, and was rather within the declared distances, and that he now declared that this was the boundary of the British territory "now and for ever." At these words the British Colours were hoisted, the troops presented arms, the band struck up "God save the Queen," and the three steamers fired a Royal salute.

Before dismissing the troops his Lordship said: "My men, you will tell your comrades what you have witnessed this day. By your and their help this territory will be defended from every enemy." He then turned to Sir John Cheape and desired that the troops might have double pay and batta for the day.

There were only a few Burmese present, and these were the head men of some of the villages of our new boundary. Doubtless, the sound of the guns was heard by many a neighbouring chief, and in many days will be reported in Ava.

This ceremony may or may not have been necessary, but it will certainly have a good effect in settling the



minds of the people and giving them the assurance that we are resolved to hold the country, for hitherto they have had vague fears that we might retire and leave them again to the cruel oppression of the Burmese officials.

We were back at Meaday by ten o'clock, and off to Thayetmyo in the evening; here there was another landing and reception by the troops, consisting of the Head-Quarters of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers. The station is very healthy, and promises so well, that it will become a large and prominent one. About the centre of it there is a very pretty group of pagodas with innumerable Guatamas, many of them shamefully and wantonly broken and defaced.

In the evening we had an invasion of winged white ants, which, with the fumes of "napu," made our dinner not altogether an agreeable one. The napu is a preparation of putrid salted fish, pounded and used as a condiment with rice, much as the natives of India use their curry stuffs.

Weighed at dawn and brought up about 10 A.M. at Ka Mat, where there is a party of blue-jackets in charge of gun boats. These Jacks are very happy, and greatly prefer the soldiering to their proper work on boardship.

We had a walk up the hill in a burning sun, but were well repaid by the view of the surrounding country, partially cultivated, winding valleys, woods, and distant mountains. In one of the pagodas we saw the reputed facsimile of an impression of the foot of Guatama—a sort of miniature hieroglyphic representation of heaven and earth.

Anchored again off Prome at 3 P.M.

*Irrawady River, near Kan-Gang, 1st January 1854.*—At 7 A.M. yesterday our fleet weighed, and proceeded on our downward course. In an hour the *Mahanuddy* steamer grounded; at 8.30 our steamer did the same, and there we stuck till 5 P.M., when we got off by the aid of the steamer *Bentinck*, which came to our rescue; we made only a few miles, and to-day again



we were detained by the *Bentinck* getting aground. We left here, and a steamer which has just brought us the mails from Rangoon went to give her aid. We called at Kan-Gang, where there is a detachment of native troops, and are steaming cautiously down, for the river is falling and the sand-banks are very numerous.

New Year's Day on the Irrawady is not lively; it is Sabbath Day also, and had been a fitting occasion for devotional exercises and reflection, but the arrival of the mails with many letters and papers from India has unfitted me for taking a mental survey of the past year.

*Rangoon, 8th January.*—Our further progress down the Irrawady was without accident, and we arrived all safely at eight o'clock in the evening of the 4th, having been about six hours longer in coming down than in going up. The distance by the Bassein Creek is about 270 miles, and Prome is reckoned about half-way to Ava.

Found all quiet, but bad news from one of the parties patrolling the Irrawady district. This was commanded by Captain Barry, of the Aracan Battalion; he was shot, and lived only an hour. Lieutenant Thompson severely wounded, Subadar-Major killed, and no other casualties. They were attacked in jungle by some robbers, most of whom, it is feared, escaped. Only a few days ago I saw Captain Barry alive and well. Such is life.

*At Sea, 15th January.*—Embarked on the 9th and sailed the following day at noon. Arrived at Bassein at 9.30 of the 12th, left early next day, the 13th, landed in the evening at Cape Negrais, and at 10 P.M. bade farewell to the Commissioner, Captain Phayre, and Dr Forsyth, who were to return to Rangoon by the *Bentinck*.

On returning to Calcutta, accompanied by Mr Grant, Lord Dalhousie resumed his active correspondence with Captain Phayre, who had at once entered on a tour of the new Pegu territory. A

curious accident has put us in possession of eighty-four of the private or demi-official letters of his Excellency to his trusted Commissioner. When on holiday in Dublin, Mr G. U. Forrest, then of the Department of Indian Records, was hunting after old books, when the proprietor of a second-hand book shop on Dublin Quay observed that he had some old letters relating to India, which he had bought some years before at an auction and had just found again on changing his place of business. To his delight the bookseller produced an old brown paper packet in which were carefully treasured up the letters addressed by Lord Dalhousie between 1851 and 1854 to Sir Arthur Phayre. With the aid of these, so far as they appeared in the *Athenæum*, it is possible to complete the narrative of Mr Grant.

The Court of Ava expressed a desire to send an envoy, and Lord Dalhousie stated that he would be very happy to see him, "whether he makes a treaty or not, because I believe his mission must do good." The mission was received with due pomp by the Governor-General, but no treaty was concluded. Lord Dalhousie, however, promised the envoy at Calcutta that a mission should be sent to Ava. He writes to Phayre :

Adverting to your former letter, in which you mention the scientific attainments of the Queen, I have requested Mr Dorin to obtain some scientific instruments such as you have formerly mentioned, to be added as presents for Her Majesty to the list you already have. My only fear is that if they be procured and presented, this learned lady may *stick up* the members of the mission by her questions as to their use! You must regulate your gifts, there-

fore, according to your collective knowledge. There are already jewels and ornaments enough for her, but if I could have procured a pair of *blue stockings* I would certainly have sent them for Her Majesty in addition.

On reaching the capital Major Phayre was granted a special audience by the King. A graphic account of what took place is to be found in "A Narrative of the Mission to the Court of Ava," by Sir Henry (then Captain) Yule, R.E., who accompanied the mission as secretary. Though the King was most courteous in his manner, and had some friendly conversations with the envoy on philosophical and political topics, he manifested, as Lord Dalhousie stated he would, an insuperable aversion to signing any treaty giving up the province of Pegu, and on the 8th of October the Mission left his capital without a treaty being signed.

In November 1855, the Governor-General again visited the capital of Pegu, whose material prosperity he had done so much to develop. He gave a handsome contribution towards the erection of a church in the town, and an equally liberal donation towards re-gilding the Shwè Dagon Pagoda, writing :

I could not, of course, do this as any mark of reverence towards their creed, or of respect for their religious buildings. But the Shwè Dagon is a very noble work of art. It forms a grand feature in our capital of Pegu.

On the 16th of February 1856, Lord Dalhousie wrote to Phayre :

And now I must take leave of you. I do it with great regret. It is impossible to conceive any

demi-official correspondence more agreeable and satisfactory than yours has been to me. You have performed your public duties with ability, with assiduity, and success; and I am grateful to you personally for exertions which have raised my own reputation, while they were of conspicuous value to the State.

The new year, 1855, found us at Barrackpore, where Lord Dalhousie had been joined by his eldest daughter, who brought all her beauty and brightness to cheer him. But his health was so shattered, that I earnestly urged his immediate return to Europe: in this opinion Dr J. Jackson concurred, but his Lordship resisted, and relieved me of all responsibility by this note.

OOTACAMUND, *17th March* 1855.

MY DEAR GRANT,—In the bustle of leaving Calcutta I omitted to acknowledge the receipt of the opinions which were given by Dr Jackson and yourself on my case, after you had held a consultation together at my request. I need not assure you that I weighed these opinions well and gravely.

Believing it to be my duty to remain in India during this year in fulfilment of my pledge, and trusting in the providence of God to avert from me those indirect risks against which you have clearly and faithfully warned me, I have resolved to remain.

I hope that all may go well. But in any case, Dr Jackson and you are entirely exonerated from all responsibility, for whatever consequences may ensue from my disregarding your advice to return at once to England,—Always, my dear Grant, sincerely yours,

DALHOUSIE.

A. GRANT, Esq.

I sent the above letter for the perusal of my friend Courtenay, the Private Secretary to the Governor-General. The following is his reply:—



1855.

MY DEAR GRANT,—Many thanks for your letter. It is very unsatisfactory, but I did not expect any better result from your representations. Whatever may happen, you must feel, or at any rate every one else who knows the facts must feel, that you have done all that you ought to have done and that was possible. I think there is no exaggerating the credit that is your due. More exemplary conduct of a case in every way—physically and morally—most trying and difficult was never witnessed; and I shall always feel a grateful admiration of your skill, judgment, patience, and courage,—Believe me ever yours most sincerely,

F. F. COURTENAY.

As the next most favourable alternative, a trip to sea and a residence on the Neilgherries were recommended. We embarked on the 15th February, steamed slowly down the Bay of Bengal, looked in at the magnificent harbour of Trincomalee, then on to Galle, and at last along the Malabar Coast to Calicut, where we anchored on the 28th. We landed on the 1st March and started the same evening by a novel mode of travelling in canoes manned by a very wild sort of boatmen: their songs by moonlight till we reached Ariacode still dwell in my memory. Thence by bearers to Woondoor and Sespair, through mountainous scenery and a magnificent ghaut 7000 feet above the level of the sea. On the 7th we arrived at Ootacamund, the Governor-General very feeble, and obliged to be carried in a sort of hammock slung from a pole and well wrapped up in blankets. The great elevation of Ootacamund with its cold March winds made it an unsuitable residence for his Lordship, so we moved as early as possible to the milder situation of Kotaghery and



Coonoor, and between these places the season was spent.

We returned to Ootacamund on the 11th October, and left on the 29th for the plains. We travelled *viâ* Mysore, where two days were spent in visits and entertainments, the old Raja doing his best on the occasion. We arrived at Bangalore on the 3rd, and remained till the 7th as the guests of the excellent Resident, General Sir Mark Cubbon. On the 9th we reached Arcot, and Madras on the 10th. Five days were spent there as the guests of the Governor, Lord Harris. The constant round of official engagements and festivities had the most injurious effect on the health of the Governor-General. Glad I was when we embarked on the 15th and stood across the Bay for Rangoon, which was reached on the 20th. Three days were spent there examining its vast improvements. On the 24th we again sailed; we were at Port Dalhousie on the 25th, near which we twice grounded and suffered some damage. We had a pleasant run up the Bay, and on the 30th anchored off Calcutta, where there was a grand official entry.

The new year found us again at Barrackpore, where the Governor-General had sought tranquillity from the festivities and engagements of the city. His health was again in a most precarious state, and his physical infirmities really lamentable; but his mind was ever clear and vigorous, although he was overwhelmed with work. The most astonishing feature of his brilliant administration was the pluck with which he carried on the Government amidst habitual bodily suffering, of which the world knew but little.

The following minute in Council speaks for itself:

*Military Department—Surgeon to the General Hospital.*

1. The office of Surgeon to the General Hospital has not yet been permanently filled up since the retirement of Mr Surgeon Nicolson.
2. The office was once marked for abolition; but it was reserved by Lord William Bentinck, even when he was most bent on the reduction of everything fairly reducible. The office was again reviewed in 1850, and was again retained on the understanding that whenever a vacancy should occur it should be united with some other appointment at the Presidency.
3. I propose to confer the office on Mr Surgeon Grant, who now holds the appointment of Surgeon to the Governor-General, but stands appointed to a Presidency Surgeoncy.
4. The claims of Mr Grant to this coveted appointment, founded on service in the field, on his standing in the Medical Department, on his personal character and professional reputation, will be questioned by none. I rejoice before my departure to have an opportunity, by the nomination of Mr Grant to this office, of placing the future charge of the General Hospital in most capable hands, and at the same time of evincing my own deep sense of the ability, and skill, and sedulous care which have characterised his attendance for more than seven years on my family and myself.
5. That unhappily I still stand in need of his skill and care is well known to my colleagues. Were my necessity less notorious, I should hesitate to ask the indulgence which I am about to solicit, by requesting that I may be permitted to retain Mr Grant's attendance during my voyage to England.
6. In the state in which I am, I feel that the risk which I should incur of serious and permanent disablement, by being without any medical

- attendance during one part of my journey, while on the voyage I shall be handed over from one ship's doctor to another, both necessarily ignorant of my case, would be very considerable.
7. Although I have received much personal consideration at the hands of the Honourable Court, I have never yet asked of them a personal favour. I trust the Honourable Court will not think that I am presuming now, if I ask of them the favour of allowing to Mr Grant six months' leave of absence, with half of his allowance for the time he may be absent, for the purpose of attending me during my voyage to England.
  8. Dr Macrae continuing to perform as he now does the duties of Surgeon to the General Hospital, no expense whatever will be imposed upon the Honourable Court, nor will the service suffer any detriment.
  9. If the Honourable Court should not be disposed to grant this amount of indulgence (for which I say at once that I am aware there is no precedent, while I must add that I believe also there is no precedent for the circumstances under which it is asked), I trust that the Honourable Court will not refuse to permit Mr Grant to count as service the six months which he will pass in conveying my damaged frame to the care of his medical brethren in England and thereafter returning to India.
  10. My Honourable Colleagues, I feel sure, will see nothing unreasonable in my present request.  
(Signed) DALHOUSIE.

The original minute was sent to me with the following note :—

DEAR GRANT,—As this concerns you, you may like to see it; and if you wish, you can get copy of it. I should like to gazette it on Saturday.—Yours ever,  
D.

The entire proposals of the Governor-General have my most cordial assent.

I also agree very cordially,

And I,

And I,

And I,

GEORGE ANSON.

J. LOW.

J. DORIN.

B. PEACOCK.

J. P. GRANT.

The Court's reply was as follows :—

Par. 6. Whilst we deeply regret the cause which rendered necessary the retention by the Marquis of Dalhousie of the services of Surgeon Grant during his Lordship's voyage and journey to Europe, we entirely approve of the arrangement made for that purpose as now reported. We accordingly sanction Surgeon Grant's leave for six months under the new regulations, with the half allowances of his appointment as Surgeon to the General Hospital, and with permission to count that period of time as on duty, and as therefore part of his service for the retiring pension.—(Extract of a Military Letter from the Honourable Court of Directors to the Government of India, No. 105, dated 16th July 1856.)

In accordance with the above resolution I accompanied Lord Dalhousie to England and left on the 6th March. The embarkation was a most touching scene. All Calcutta was there, and many were in tears. Lord Dalhousie was much moved, and, turning to me, said it was as affecting as if it had been his funeral.



## CHAPTER VII

LEAVES INDIA WITH LORD DALHOUSIE AND RETURNS.  
THE SEPOY MUTINY. APOTHECARY - GENERAL.  
SETTLES IN LONDON.

OUR party on board the *Feroze*, Captain Rennie, consisted of Lady Susan Ramsay, Miss Roulet, Mr Courtenay, Colonel Felix, and myself.

We arrived on the 13th March 1856, at Galle, at Aden on the 23rd, and Suez on the 30th. We remained a week at Cairo, but Lord Dalhousie was too ill to receive the Viceroy or to accept of his hospitality at one of his Palaces. But carriages and servants were placed at our disposal, and we had opportunities of seeing everything most worth seeing under the valuable guidance of Sir Gardner Wilkinson.

After resting two days at Alexandria we embarked 7th April, on H.M. steamer *Carradoc*, and met with heavy gales which washed away a great portion of the bulwarks of our little vessel, which was ill suited for an invalid, plunging and rolling to such an extent that half the crew were sick! When we anchored in Malta on the 11th, Lord Dalhousie was so weak and ill that he was carried on shore by sailors in a sea-cot. During ten days' stay here he had accessions of fever daily. The Admiral at the Station, Sir Houston Stewart, fitted

up for us the screw frigate *Tribune*, and we sailed on the 21st in tow of H.M. paddle-steamer *Furious*. Unluckily we met with heavy weather again, and at length a gale which compelled us to put in to Cagliari Bay, in the island of Sardinia, on the 23rd. Sailed again on the 25th, with a fair wind, and was cast off by the *Furious*. Gales again on the 28th and 29th, and hove to almost under bare poles. Arrived at Gibraltar on the 2nd May, and left on the 4th, and on the 6th passed Cape St Vincent, on the 10th in Bay of Biscay, 12th passed Ushant. During moderate weather his Lordship was hoisted up daily in a chair to the deck and able to sit or recline for some hours, breathing the fresh sea air. On the 13th we entered the British Channel, and when near the Isle of Wight the steamer *Fairy*, with Prince Albert on board, passed under our stern, and made enquiries for Lord Dalhousie's health. In the evening we landed at Portsmouth, and Her Majesty sent a most kind and gratifying letter, welcoming him to his native country.

14th May.—Portsmouth to London. On the 17th consultation with Sir Benjamin Brodie and Messrs Stanley, Stone, and Martin. The result was very satisfactory; they all took my view of Lord Dalhousie's case, and recommended no change in the treatment. Brodie said that in a year, or a year and a half, his Lordship would be well. I was not so sanguine. By desire of Brodie I remained with Lord Dalhousie, and accompanied him to Brighton; from whence I was summoned to give evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons on the organisation of the Indian Medical Establishment. This was a subject I

had long and carefully studied, having collected information from every available source and embodied it, at Lord Dalhousie's request, in an elaborate paper, on which was founded his celebrated dispatch, granting relative rank and other advantages to the medical officers of the Army. The Governor-General in Council adopted all my views, but the measure was grievously emasculated by the Court of Directors. A great point, however, was gained by having our grievances acknowledged and redress advocated by a statesman of Lord Dalhousie's reputation, and I look back with satisfaction on the part I played in this matter through the influence of my personal character.

Returned to town on 6th June, when another consultation was held. Lord Dalhousie was considered to be doing well, and to have a fair prospect of ultimate recovery. On the 16th we started for Edinburgh and arrived next day. On the 18th I met in consultation Dr Smith of Lasswade, who had for many years been the medical attendant of the Dalhousie family. On the 20th, left Edinburgh for the North of Scotland, where I remained till 1st September, when I started on a tour to the Hospitals in Ireland. Took the route by the Caledonian Canal, Glencoe, and Inverary, thence to Arrochar, and spending a day there with Lord Dalhousie. By sea from Greenock to Belfast; one day there and ten at Dublin; was shown much attention by the Medical Staff of the public institutions there. 10th September, left Dublin for Glasgow, where I renewed my acquaintance with its Hospital and great Museum. On the 15th arrived at Edinburgh to meet Lord Dalhousie again. Long consultation

with Mr Syme, who entirely approved of all I had done, especially my forbearance in not cutting down on the bone. He, Simpson, and Bennett, were most kind and obliging, and I saw all that was worth seeing in the medical world there.

Writing on 5th July Lord Dalhousie says :

Until your letter came to Susan this evening, we none of us knew your address, and as I did not wish my progress to be reserved in the Dead Letter Department for the eyes of some Mrs Mailsetter in Inverness-shire, I thought it best to wait until you should yourself write, which I was sure you would do before long. . . . I am sincerely happy to hear from Susan that you are enjoying yourself in your home. I and all of us miss you constantly here. Pray offer my compliments to your sisters and to your brother.

The 16th September was a beautiful day, but cold, high wind. I drove with Lord Dalhousie and General Outram to Dalhousie, and wandered over the old castle, the garden, and grounds. The lord was in high spirits, and exerted himself greatly; told us of the Queen's visit to him there; when she was announced he was "chucking stones into the burn." Pointed out a picturesque cottage, which was to be for me if my liver got wrong, and I had to come home.

Now took farewell of Lord Dalhousie, and it was a last farewell! Here is his letter to me after this occasion :

ARROCHAR, *26th September 1856.*

MY DEAR GRANT,—The time of your departure is now come so near that I can no longer defer to bid you the farewell which I have till now avoided, and which even now I am reluctant to say.



I felt very sorry when we parted in the station under the North Bridge; and even with the preparatory training which your absence in the North has given me, I shall long feel strange, ill at ease, and altogether amiss in the absence of the kind and sedulous daily care which I have been long accustomed to receive from you.

I thank you a thousand times for it all. My confidence in your judgment and skill was entire and unabated from first to last, and my gratitude for your never-flagging attention to myself, and to that dear suffering companion whom I lost, will remain in my memory as long as I have memory left.

I please myself with the belief that your last act of kindness in returning to England with me has not been without its advantages, as it certainly has not been without pleasures, for you.

When you return to Calcutta you will be at the top of the tree as far as personal position and reputation are concerned. But if ever you suppose that I can in any way, or in any matter, great or small, be of use to you, professionally or otherwise, you may be assured that you can at all times command my best services and my most cordial exertions for the accomplishment of your wishes.

Susan sends you her best and kindest regards, and Edith repeats the message.

Farewell, and God bless you! Write to me often, and never cease to believe me,—Your sincere friend,  
DALHOUSIE.

A. GRANT, Esq.

In a letter dated Edinburgh, 7th November 1856, his Lordship says:

It cannot be unacceptable to you to know that Syme spoke to a friend of mine of your treatment of me in terms of the highest eulogy; especially applauding not more the skill, which took the right course from the first, than the perseverance which adhered to that

course, and the patience which through so long a period resisted all temptation to experiment and deviation.

I left Edinburgh on 22nd September for Carlisle, visited the English Lakes, and arrived in London on the 24th.

*6th October.*—To Paris, travelling in company with my friend, Courtenay. Left on the 16th. Spent a day at Cologne, two days at Dresden, and a day at Prague. Reached Vienna on the 21st, and stayed three days. I found the Continental hospitals generally inferior in respect of ventilation and arrangement to British hospitals. But the Lunatic Asylum at Vienna is a model institution. The lying-in hospitals of Dublin and Vienna are immense establishments, and first-rate clinical schools.

*26th October.*—At Trieste. Sailed on the 28th. 2nd November, landed at Alexandria. Here my sister Annie joined me, and has ever since accompanied me in all my journeyings. On the 6th at Cairo, and Suez the 7th; Aden the 14th; Galle the 24th; Madras 27th, and Calcutta 1st December. On the 2nd assumed charge of my duties as Surgeon to the General Hospital and Presidency Surgeon.

*8th January 1857.*—To-day I took charge of the office of Apothecary-General and Opium Examiner to Government. I was induced to accept these appointments by the advice of my friends, Drs Mackinnon, Leckie, and Goodeve, who were of opinion that my weak state of health unfitted me for the fatigues of

private practice in Calcutta. On communicating this change to Lord Dalhousie, he wrote to me on 17th February 1857, as follows :

Now let me say how glad I am to read the favourable tidings you give of yourself. I have no doubt myself that you did wisely in accepting the Apothecary-General's office. The office of Surgeon to the General Hospital would have been more to your taste, but I have always thought it doubtful whether your physical strength would have sustained you through much private practice. The Apothecary-Generalship is an honourable position, and especially when united with the posts you name, will be useful as well as quiet and lucrative employment. I am delighted to hear you have dropped into it so opportunely.

Again, on 18th March 1857, he thus alludes to the same subject :

I hope you have by this time settled well down with your gallipots. The more I think of it, the more sure I feel that you have chosen wisely in preferring the Dispensary.

On 15th June he writes :

Let me now thank you for your last letters, which have great interest for me. The content and comfort expressed in your last sentence must be most pleasing to any friend of yours to read ; and I repeat my conviction, which indeed events were already justifying, that your decision regarding your present office was a prudent and a happy one.

I never regretted this decision. The pay was good, the office work suited to my habits, and the official residence I occupied open and most comfortable.

At the same time, I was appointed by the Governor-General (at the recommendation of the Vice-Chancellor, Sir James Colvile), a member of the Senate of the University of Calcutta. I was also nominated a member of the Provisional Committee for drawing up the rules of the University, and devoted considerable time and attention to this honorary duty. In March 1857 I was appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal to be Government Examiner in the Medical College, and had just completed my examinations when the Mutiny of the Native Army burst upon us.

In August of this memorable year I lost my poor brother John. Escaping from Sultanpore, Oudh, where the other civil officers were murdered, he escorted the ladies and children into the Fort of Allahabad. There he joined the Volunteer Cavalry under Havelock, and was appointed Adjutant of the little band. He fought through various actions, and suffered great privations and exposure, till he sank from cholera at Cawnpore. His first commission was in the 26th Madras Light Infantry, from whence he was transferred to the newly-raised 3rd European Regiment. Through my influence he was appointed to the Staff, first as Adjutant of the Meywar Bheel Corps, then as Second-in-Command of the 2nd Regiment, Hyderabad Infantry, and lastly as Assistant Commissioner in Oudh.

The exploits of the Volunteer Cavalry are recorded in Kaye's "History of the Sepoy War" (vol. ii. page 378), and in Marshman's "Life of Havelock" (page 306), from which the following is an extract:

The Volunteer Cavalry, who had been steadily advancing on the Cawnpore Road, came up at this



moment, burning with impatience for an opportunity to distinguish themselves. . . . They were only eighteen sabres all told, but not a man paused to count the odds. Led by their noble Commander, Captain Barrow, with waving swords and loud cheers, they dashed on, and deep did they dye their swords in the blood of the enemy. At length the little band was obliged to pull up when they found their number diminished by one third; one trooper had been killed, two horses were killed, and two unable to move from wounds. As they drew rein, they were rewarded for their gallantry by the ringing plaudits of the Infantry, who had witnessed their exploit, and by the approving smile of the General as he exclaimed: "Well done, gentlemen volunteers! you have done well! I am proud to command you!"

John's sword, *one of The Eighteen*, long reposed in my library. I desire that it may descend as an heirloom.

Early in this year my youngest brother Frank arrived in Calcutta. Having expressed a wish to Lord Dalhousie that I should be deeply indebted to him if he could procure a cadetship for Frank, he wrote immediately that he would do his best, and again on 18th December 1856:

I am sincerely glad to be able to tell you that a direct cadetship to Bengal has been placed at my disposal, and that your brother shall have it. I did not ask for it, but it was offered to me by Mr Willoughby.

I found your brother out, and saw him here last week. He seemed very well pleased with the prospect of exchanging the knife for the sword. I have sent for the papers about the examination for him. He is an ingenuous youth, and I will give him all the help I can.

Again on 18th March 1857, his Lordship writes :

Mail day has come, and though your brother has no doubt told you of his having passed, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of repeating the good tidings. He wrote to me that he had passed on the 3rd, and that he would sail on the 20th of next month. I hope to see him again before he goes.

Frank joined the 42nd Highlanders, and did duty with this corps at the final capture of Lucknow, under Lord Clyde's command. Getting ill there, he received much attention from my friend, Colonel Metcalfe, and as soon as the road was open, he went on sick-leave to Mussoorie.

When the first rumours of the loss of Cawnpore and the plunder of the Medical Depot there reached Calcutta, I carefully reviewed the resources of the Medical Store Department, and made all possible provision for the future. The measures I suggested were approved by the Medical Board, and from this time to the close of the Field operations of the Army, in the cold season of 1858-59, the hospitals were never in want of any essential medicine.

In February 1857 I submitted to Government a Report on the Medical Store establishments, and the changes proposed by my predecessor. In April I was elected President of the Faculty of Medicine in the University of Calcutta, and afterwards Representative of the Faculty of Medicine in the Syndicate of the University.

The year 1858 was a period of great pressure of departmental work because of troops pouring in from England, and active field operations in Behar, the North-

West Provinces, and Oudh. The College examinations, University meetings, and the editorial duties of the *Annals of Medicine*, occupied my spare time.

In 1859 I drew up a Code of Regulations for the Medical Store Department, which was approved by the Director-General, and printed for the use of the establishment.

I was ordered to report fully on the arrangements made by me, to meet the unexpected and heavy demands for Medical Stores for the Army, during 1857 and 1858. In August I received the thanks of the Governor-General in Council for my services during the period of the Mutiny.

*To the Director-General, Medical Department, Military Dept.*

SIR,—In returning the accompanying original documents received with your letter, No. 223, of 26th ult., I am directed to request that you will convey to Dr A. Grant, Apothecary-General, the thanks of His Excellency the Governor-General in Council, for the great zeal, foresight, and practical ability, which was displayed by him during the mutinies, in meeting the unexpected and heavy demands for medical stores. The arrangements and measures which were adopted by Dr Grant for the above purposes at so critical a period, reflect, in the opinion of Government, the greatest credit on that officer.

His Excellency in Council considers the suggestions of the Apothecary-General, referred to in paragraphs 14 and 15 of your letter, to be very judicious, and they will be transmitted with the support of Government for the consideration of H.M. Secretary of State for India,—I am, etc.

R. J. H. BIRCH, *Major-General,*  
*Secretary to the Government of India.*

COUNCIL CHAMBERS,  
FORT-WILLIAM, 30th August 1859.

*To A. Grant, Esq., Apothecary-General.*

SIR,—In handing to you the accompanying copies of Major-General Birch's letter of the 30th ult., I have the honour, by desire of the Director-General of the Medical Department, to inform you that it affords him great pleasure to have the opportunity of thus conveying to you this mark of the approval which His Excellency the Governor-General of India in Council has been pleased to accord to the forethought, zeal, and judgment which you displayed in making provision of medical stores sufficient to meet the exigencies of the public service during the trying crisis of 1857 and 1858,—I have, etc.

NORMAN CHEVERS, M.D.,  
*Secretary to the Director-General.*

17th September 1859.

At the close of this year I was much occupied with the despatch of the discharged soldiers of the local European Army to England. I was re-elected by the Faculty of Medicine to be their representative in the Syndicate of the University and President of the Faculty.

The year 1860 found me busy in fitting out the regiments destined for China, and in despatching a two years' reserve supply of medical stores to Hong-Kong. In April I received the thanks of the Home Government of India as in the accompanying letters.

*To A. Grant, Esq., Apothecary-General.*

SIR,—I have the honour, by desire of the Principal Inspector-General, Medical Department, to hand you copy of Major Atkinson's letter, No. 944, of the 20th inst., forwarding extract paragraph 15 of a military letter from the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for India, No. 77, dated the 28th February 1860,



conveying to you the cordial acknowledgments of H.M. Government for your successful exertions in meeting the wants of the Army, during the late operations, in so essential a particular as that of medical and surgical supplies, and to assure you that the Principal Inspector-General feels the warmest satisfaction in being the medium of conveying to you this most highly deserved expression of the approval with which H.M. Government view your able and meritorious services during the late mutinies,—I have, etc.

NORMAN CHEVERS,  
*Secretary to the Principal Inspector-General.*

FORT-WILLIAM, 27th April 1860.

INDIA OFFICE,  
LONDON, 24th February 1860.

15. The suggestions of Dr Forsyth and Dr Grant regarding the supply and despatch of medical stores from England in compliance with your annual requirements will be carefully considered, and will be noticed in a separate despatch; but I gladly take this opportunity of requesting you to convey to Dr Grant the cordial acknowledgments of H.M. Government for his successful exertions in meeting the wants of the Army, during the late arduous operations, in so essential a particular as that of medical and surgical supplies.

In May I received the thanks of the Government of India for certain “judicious and valuable suggestions” which were adopted.

7th November.—I corrected the last proofs of the thirteenth number of the *Annals of Medical Science*, and this ended my active share in the editorial duties of the journal. I now intimated to Lord Canning that failing health compelled me to resign my appointment and return to Europe. His Lordship, through his

Military Secretary, Sir Edward Campbell, expressed his regret at the tidings, and steps were taken for the selection of a successor. In the meantime I was busy with a Budget Report and setting my affairs in order.

In January 1861 I had a stormy correspondence with the Finance Commission, or rather with its Chief, General Balfour, whose ignorance, rashness, and discourtesy I mercilessly exposed. Dr Forsyth, the able head of the Medical Department, frankly supported me, and also my successor, Dr Mactier.

Towards the end of this month the telegraph reported that the Marquis of Dalhousie had breathed his last on the 19th of December, and the mail steamer brought me a letter from General Ramsay with a most touching account of the closing scene. Latterly his Lordship's mind had yielded to the inroads of disease, and in its wanderings he often spoke of me, and wondered why I did not visit him.

The paragraph in General Ramsay's long and touching letter is as follows:—

He often used to talk of you and wondered if you would come and live with him. Poor Lady Susan frequently said she was sure you would if he asked you, and *she* certainly should, as you were the only man who ever did Papa any good.

As characteristic of Lord Dalhousie I will add another extract from the same letter, of date 22nd December 1860:—

Shortly after Dalhousie was first seriously taken ill and he thought himself dying, he said to me, "Now, Brigadier, you must not cut away as soon as I am dead,

but stay and take care of poor Sue, for she will require it." He has since then repeatedly made use of the same words, showing evidently this weighed most on his mind. I am very proud of the confidence he reposed in me and the friendship of such a man. All the time I have been with him I never heard him complain *once*.

Lady Susan, in writing to me in November 1860, says: "How I wish you were here, he pines for you sometimes."

I was honoured with his regard and friendship to the last. We corresponded very regularly, and when he was no longer able to write I heard of him by almost every mail through his daughter, Lady Susan, or General Ramsay. I was never sanguine of his recovery—indeed I recorded in 1855 that I had no hope of it. India will never see his like again.

The following correspondence may here be introduced.

*9th February 1861.*

MY DEAR GRANT,—Your professional brethren being anxious to manifest their regard for you by entertaining you at a private dinner in the Town Hall on the occasion of your leaving Calcutta, I am directed by them to ask you to fix a day on which it would be convenient for you to meet them.—Believe me, Yours very sincerely,

J. MACPHERSON.

A. GRANT, Esq.

*9th February 1861.*

MY DEAR MACPHERSON,—I have just had the pleasure to receive your note communicating to me the desire of my professional brethren that I should dine with

them at the Town Hall on any day before my departure.

I beg you will assure them of my sense of their kindness, and of my gratitude for this unlooked-for mark of their good opinion. To those who know me so well I need scarcely say that I have a heart capable of feeling the honour and kindness done to me. But although thus conscious that the invitation is dictated by the most friendly regard, I am compelled to decline it by the state of my health, which is too shattered to bear the emotional excitement of such a formal farewell. I am therefore anxious to withdraw as quietly as I can, and I hope this explanation of the necessity for my doing so may be accepted.

My life in India has been in all its private and public relations most fortunate, and whatever may lie behind the dark curtain of futurity for me, both heart and thoughts will be frequently directed to my friends here, between whom and myself there have been always good-will and reciprocal courtesy.—Believe me, Yours very sincerely,

A. GRANT.

DR J. MACPHERSON.

My last few days in Calcutta were spent under the roof of my friend, Edward Goodeve. On the morning of the 22nd of February I embarked on board the *Bengal* for Europe, and notwithstanding the very early hour (three) a few of my dearest friends came to bid me good-bye. Happily, they have been long spared (1871), and their continued regard was no small solace of my home life.

The voyage presented nothing of unusual interest. I was very weak and thin, weighing 7 stone and a few pounds. After passing Aden I noticed œdematous swelling of my feet—convincing evidence that I had quitted India not a day too soon.





ALEXANDER GRANT  
*(From a miniature).*

*[To face page 102.*



From Marseilles I proceeded to Nice for the benefit of my health, and while there I received another letter from Dr Macpherson, dated 22nd March. The following is an extract from it :—

You may recollect that I acted as organ of some of your friends in asking you to a dinner at the Town Hall. I now, in the same capacity, beg to say that your friends have remitted to Dr Boycott a sum of money, with instructions to buy for you some suitable token of their esteem and regard. I think this must gratify you, and you cannot refuse it on the grounds for which you declined the dinner.

I replied :

Believe me, I feel much this additional testimony of friendship from those whose good opinion I highly value, and I beg you will convey to the subscribers my heartfelt acknowledgments, and say how really gratified I am, and how dearly I value their gift, which, in failure of “heirs male of the body,” will, I am sure, be treasured and preserved by those who are near and dear to me. Let me also specially thank you for your personal kindness in the matter. I will never forget it!

I left Nice early in May, and after travelling about the South of France for some time in company with my friend, Dr Leckie, passed on to Paris, and thence to London. In June I was examined before the Royal Commission on the sanitary state of the Army in India. My evidence had special reference to the location of European troops at the Hill Stations—a subject on which I had written, and to which I had devoted much attention. In September I was gazetted as Honorary Surgeon to the Queen, being unworthily placed at the

top of the six officers selected from the Indian Medical Services.

The question of amalgamating the Royal and Indian Medical Services came before me confidentially, both in India and in England. General Baker, Military Secretary at the India Office, entrusted to me the official papers on the subject, and I wrote a minute upon them for him. About the same time I received a private communication from a friend to say that, in the event of the amalgamation taking place, I would be offered an appointment at Whitehall as representing the Indian branch of the service. I replied, doubting whether my health would stand close desk-work in London, yet I should wish to have something to occupy and interest me; for if employment is at times irksome, this is a less evil than those which the absence of it often gives rise to. For two years more this question of the amalgamation of the Medical Services occupied the attention of the Home and Indian Governments, and as no satisfactory agreement could be arrived at, the respective schemes were at length dropped.

So in 1863, having completed my period of sick furlough, and feeling incapable of returning to India, I sent in my resignation of the service, and entered on a pension of £250 a year. But in order not to give myself up to aimless occupation, I now occupied my time in the preparation of a serial work, which I called "The Annals of Military and Naval Surgery, and Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, being an Annual Retrospect embracing the experience of the Medical Officers of H.M. Armies and Fleets in all parts of the World."

The volume for 1863 was published early in 1864,



and met with a very cordial welcome from the Press and the officers of the service generally. Both the Royal and the Indian Governments subscribed for a certain number of copies. From a dislike to publicity my name did not appear on the title-page, and this omission was believed to be a mistake. The sale, however, notwithstanding the drawback of the anonymous editorship, was, on the whole, satisfactory for a first number, but it fell much short of the actual expenses. I had prepared nearly all the materials for a second volume, but my health breaking down again, I abandoned the work in despite of the appeals and the remonstrances of numerous friends.

Soon afterwards I broke up my "small house" at Hampstead with the view of spending a winter in Italy, and during two years I wandered about at home and abroad, enjoying much of the beauties of nature and art, and benefiting greatly in health. Again came the longing for a settled home, and in the early months of 1868 I entered on the occupancy of No. 3 Connaught Square, beyond which my vision does not extend.

“Wi’ steady aim some fortune chase ;  
 Keen hope does ev’ry sinew brace ;  
 Thro’ fair, thro’ foul, they urge the race,  
 And seize the prey :  
 Then cannie, in some cosie place  
 They close the day.”

BURNS.

*June, 1872.*

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S LETTERS TO HIS FRIEND DURING 1857 AND 1858.

THE letters of the Marquis of Dalhousie to Alexander Grant were written with all the frank affection and trust which mark the closest form of friendship—that between patient and physician. In its completeness such correspondence cannot see the light. But it is right that such extracts as follow should be published, for their historical importance as well as their personal interest.

The Marquis of Dalhousie was, in the best sense of the word, a proud man. The very kingliness of his pride would have led him, by one dignified and unanswerable statement, to silence the voice of ignorance and of malice for ever, had he, like the majority of the Governor-Generals of India to the present time, been permitted by Providence to take his place in the councils of the Empire. But he died for India, and as he lay a-dying, he felt not only a righteous scorn for his assailants, but an assured confidence that posterity would do him justice. So to posterity he bequeathed his Diaries and papers. “Whatever happens,” we wrote at that time,<sup>1</sup> “whether war and rebellion, or

<sup>1</sup> *The Friend of India*, Serampore, Bengal, 3rd August 1865.

peace and prosperity, our Indian Empire, the history of its founders and the causes of the great Mutiny, will be more studied in England at the beginning of next century than it is now. Posterity, we believe, will appreciate the carefully kept papers of the great Marquis."

Even before the final return to England of Alexander Grant, who jealously guarded the memory of the great Governor-General, two defenders stepped into the arena of conflict excited by the writings of Mr (afterwards Sir John) Kaye, and Mr (now Sir Edwin) Arnold. These were the late Duke of Argyll,<sup>1</sup> and Sir Charles Jackson.<sup>2</sup> The Duke was a member of the Cabinet which annexed Oudh contrary to Lord Dalhousie's recommendation, and his intimate knowledge of the facts caused him great astonishment at the "ignorant injustice" with which, on this account, Lord Dalhousie's memory was assailed. Mr Arnold's book he described as a conspicuous failure in historical truth and biographical fidelity; and Mr Kaye he condemned as the subject of certain preconceived theories. The Duke claimed for his opinions the high sanction of the late Sir George Lewis, a statesman whose honesty was as remarkable as his judgment was coldly unbiassed.

Sir Charles Jackson, having been successively Advocate-General, Law Member of Council, a Supreme Court Judge, and a Member of the Legislative Council,

<sup>1</sup> *The Edinburgh Review*, 1863. "India under Dalhousie and Canning." Republished in 1865. Longmans.

<sup>2</sup> "A Vindication of the Marquis of Dalhousie's Indian Administration." London, Smith, Elder & Co., 1865.

was personally cognisant not only of the facts of Lord Dalhousie's administration, but in many cases of the motives of the Governor-General. He had a judicial mind, and a high Christian character. With all the terse logic of a Judge, and eschewing that affectation of style and plenitude of epithet which spoil many of Mr Kaye's best passages and Mr Arnold's two volumes,<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Jackson took up the main charges brought against Lord Dalhousie by these and inferior accusers, and so disposed of them that the most prejudiced reader will admit the purity of the Governor-General's motives and the rectitude of the principles which guided his policy. Most experts go further than this, and recognise the wisdom and success of that policy, but on that question Sir C. Jackson did not then enter.

Passing over all that the most determined enemies of Lord Dalhousie were constrained to admire—the Punjab, Pegu and the peaceful glories of his reign, the fruits of which we are now reaping so plenteously, we come to the much condemned annexations by lapse. With judicial and historical accuracy Sir Charles Jackson establishes the fact that, when Hindoos hold principalities subordinate to the Paramount Power, they cannot adopt a son to anything more than their private property without the consent of that power. Out of this our Musalman predecessors made no little profit, and on this principle we always acted, up to Lord Dalhousie's time. In 1831 the Bombay Government, and in 1834 the Court of Directors, laid down the principle that the indulgence of permitting adoption to

<sup>1</sup> "The Marquis of Dalhousie's Administration of British India." In two volumes. Saunders, Otley & Co., 1862 and 1865.

a *raj* should be the exception, not the rule. In 1835 and again in 1838 the Government of India ignored the adoption of a boy by the Raja of Jhansi. In 1841 the state of Angria Colaba was allowed to lapse, and in 1843 the principality of Mandvee. Lord Auckland's Government, of which Bird and Prinsep were members, reiterated the intention "to persevere in the one clear and direct course of abandoning no just and honourable accession of territory or revenue, while all existing claims of right are at the same time scrupulously respected." Sir Charles Jackson might have referred to the great despatch of Lord Canning who, for the first time in the history of the Hindoos, conferred the right of adoption to a *raj* under all circumstances short of disloyalty and hopeless mal-administration. That despatch shows by its quotations from all preceding authorities, that the right was never absolute, and was in point of fact more than once ignored. The English Government for the first time crystallised the existing native governments. If it had not found that it could justly take advantage of lapses it must have perpetuated a state of things which was a curse to millions of the people, a standing menace to our own power, and a financial and moral obstacle to the spread of civilisation. In Sir Charles Jackson's words, speaking of Satara, Nagpore, Jhansi and Sumbulpore :—

The dynasties of all these dependent princes became extinct on their deaths. The adopted sons of the Rajas of Satara and Jhansi could not inherit, because the permission of the Paramount Power was not obtained for their adoption, and there was no other heir to those sovereignties. The Raja of Nagpore left



no heir in the male line (and no other heir could inherit), and neither he nor his widow complicated the question by adopting a son. The Raja of Sumbulpore obtained his sovereignty from the British Government under a treaty which did not constitute him an hereditary prince. Under these different circumstances, all these dependent thrones were vacant, and, as the sovereignty must be in some one, they reverted to the British Government, the Paramount Power which had created the expired dynasties. This is the 'appalling' doctrine of lapse, and it is worth while to observe how little Lord Dalhousie had to do with it. He did not invent it. He did not refuse these princes permission to adopt. He merely happened to be the governor of a country in which these lapses occurred by operation of law.

This being so, was it for the good of the people of India that these dependent States should be given away a second time to adopted sons, generally minors, and always sensual oppressors? There were paid agitators who replied in the affirmative, but no responsible statesman, no honest unprejudiced man, will agree with them.

Sir C. Jackson proved that the doubts as to the policy—not the right—of annexing the little Rajpoot state of Kerowli were Lord Dalhousie's, not Sir F. Currie's; that Nana Sahib's claims, of which Mr Kaye and others dramatically made so much, had nothing to do with adoption or escheat, but consisted in a "preposterous demand" on the public purse for the continuance of Bajee Rao's life-pension of £80,000 a year. Condemning the resumption measures of the Indian Government as most oppressive, Sir C. Jackson proved that they were ordered and carried out long before Lord Dalhousie landed in India, and that he

merely assented to Act XI. of 1852, which was prepared by and applicable only to Bombay and was much milder than former enactments. He proved that what Mr Kaye calls the spoliation of the Nagpore palace was not a confiscation but a realisation by sale of the property of the last Raja, for the benefit of his family and to protect the proceeds from misappropriation. The proceeds were so liberally supplemented by Lord Dalhousie, that one-fourth of the whole annual revenue of the Nagpore kingdom, or £98,200, was paid to the Bhonsla family.

Passing over the case of the Carnatic, decided finally by Parliament, and Tanjore, we think that Sir C. Jackson's quotations from Minutes, and his remarks on the annexation of Oudh, justify much stronger language on the part of the Duke of Argyll than "ignorant injustice," the term applied to Lord Dalhousie's slanderers on this point. We had reason to know how unwilling Lord Dalhousie was to extinguish Oudh, and how true is the remark of Sir C. Jackson—"a careful examination of his Minutes has satisfied me, that the conduct of the British Government towards Oudh paralysed an arm never slow to adopt strong measures when right was on its side." His unwillingness to annex Oudh we consider one of the few instances of weakness, due to ill-health we believe, in the great Proconsul. Yet, though so ill as to be scarcely able to walk, though assured that a longer residence in India was death, Lord Dalhousie thought it his duty to carry out the order of the Cabinet, of which he disapproved, rather than put upon his successor, who had been a member of that Cabinet, the burden of annexation,

At the last meeting of Council which he attended, on 28th February 1856, he asked his colleagues to transmit to England for orders nine Minutes, recommending with great urgency and in great detail the reduction of the Sepoy and the increase of the European forces. Sir C. Jackson exhumed seven of these documents on which no action was ever taken. They are a new chapter in Lord Dalhousie's administration, up to that time hidden from the world, which silence for ever the charge that he provoked the Mutiny by want of foresight and by carelessness as to the state of the Army.

The causes of the great Mutiny, which have excited discussion ever since the *chupatees* summoned the people of Hindostan to revolt, may be summed up in one, without which they would have been inoperative,—the absolute reduction of the European force, and the disproportion in inverse ratio between that force and our increased territory. On no subject have Indian thinkers so many theories as the origin of the rebellion. Concede to each the position, that his pet cause was as operative as his exaggerated and one-sided prejudices may represent it to have been, and still he must confess that it would have proved ineffectual in the presence of an English army, the strength of which bore to British India in 1857 the same proportion that it had borne before the Crimean War. The opponent of all true progress finds the cause in missionaries and schools; the purely military man, in the restricted power of officers and the under-officering of regiments; the mere civilian, in the Thomason land policy of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh; the ardent advocate of advancement, in the concessions of the East India

Company to caste and idolatry; and others, who mistake the occasion for the cause, in the greased cartridges. The truth is that all these were more or less subordinate causes. But all had existed for years. "Englishism" and, what we may term for want of a better word, "civilianism" had gone on fermenting since the Charter of 1833, and though the former was gaining rapidly on the latter, the process might have continued for a long time to come without any uprising from beneath, if the proportion of the English army to the strength of the sepoy and the growing extent of territory had always continued fixed. That man, or body of men, was the cause of the Mutiny, humanly speaking, who disarranged the proportion, and gave the enlarged India of 1857 absolutely fewer European troops than the smaller India of 1850. Who was that man, or body of men? Not certainly Lord Dalhousie, but the English Cabinet of 1854, and the Court of Directors of 1856.

In 1852 there were twenty-nine Royal regiments in India. In 1854 there were only twenty-two—not twenty-four as stated by Mr Kaye—although the normal establishment then was *thirty-three*. When in 1854 Her Majesty's Government proposed to withdraw the 25th and 98th from India for the Crimea, Lord Dalhousie, after having sent two Cavalry regiments, protested in a passage which looks almost as prophetic as that in which Sir Henry Lawrence anticipated the Mutiny:—

We are perfectly secure so long as we are strong, and are believed to be so; but if European troops shall now be withdrawn from India to Europe, if countenance shall thus be given to the belief, already prevalent, that we have grappled with an antagonist whose strength



will prove equal to overpower us, if by consenting to withdrawal we shall weaken that essential element of our military strength, which has already been declared to be no more than adequate for ordinary times, and *if, further, we should be called on to despatch an army to the Persian Gulf*, an event which, unlooked for now, may any day be brought about by the thralldom in which Persia is held, and by the feeble and fickle character of the Shah; then, indeed, I shall no longer feel, and can no longer express, the same confidence as before, that the security and stability of our position in the East will remain unassailed.

Again he pointed to the danger arising from scattering our scanty force "amidst distances so vast, amidst multitudes so innumerable, amidst peoples and sects various in many things, but all alike in this, that they are lately conquered subjects of our race, alien to them in religion, in language, in colour, in habits, in all feelings and interests." He declared that the Government of India "had solid grounds for the declaration, *more than once made of late years*, that the European force at its command is not more than adequate for preserving the empire in security and tranquillity, even in ordinary times." The remonstrance was ineffectual; H.M. 25th and 98th were withdrawn; and they were not, according to promise, replaced when the War was over. Then came that Persian war which the great Proconsul foresaw. When Delhi was seized by the mutineers, there were only twenty-two battalions of Royal Infantry on the Indian establishment, making with the Company's Europeans thirty-one in all. And of these five or six were absent in Persia.

Had Lord Dalhousie done nothing more than make his protest of 13th September 1854, he would have



done enough. Mr Kaye would lead the public to believe that he had a "rooted conviction of the fidelity of the sepoy," and was indifferent to all military risks, because in his farewell Minute he merely said of the native soldier—"Hardly any circumstance of his condition is in need of improvement." In the first of the nine Minutes he proposed to substitute two Company's cavalry regiments for two of the Queen's, and to officer them by disbanding four native Cavalry regiments, thus greatly diminishing that part of the sepoy army which proved to be the most unfaithful and cruel. The second and third Minutes urged an increase in the total strength of the European army in India, from thirty-one to thirty-five and, if possible, thirty-seven battalions, "and even more," he said, "would not be superfluous." His disposition of this force shows that he asked for it irrespective of Oudh, which had not been annexed when the Minute was written. He would have made four of the six regiments he proposed to add to the actual infantry strength in India Company's troops, and would have, as in the case of the Cavalry, disbanded four native corps. The mania of "amalgamation" which had once before, at the end of last century, done such mischief, was as far from Lord Dalhousie's wishes as it was opposed to Lord Canning's. The fourth Minute proposed to utilize the European Invalids who led a useless life at Chunar, by removing them to a more important place. In the fifth Lord Dalhousie proposed an increase in the European Artillery, but its nature and extent can only be conjectured since that document is missing.

The sixth Minute is very important. The Governor-

General, who is represented as so wanting in imagination, and as entertaining a rooted conviction of the fidelity of the sepoy, proposed not only the disbandment of four regiments as already mentioned, but the reduction of each of the rest by 200 men and 10 non-commissioned officers, the increase of the Goorkhas who proved so faithful, and the levy of four irregular corps for particular service in that province from which Hindostan was reconquered. He would have taken away about 15,000 of those Poorbeahs who butchered their officers, and massacred our wives and children, and would have added 3,200 of the faithful soldiers who helped us to avenge ourselves. His seventh Minute proposed the reduction of the regular Native Cavalry by 2,400 troopers, and the levy of four corps of irregulars for Punjab service by such a reduction of the other corps that in the Irregulars also there would even then have been 800 less. The eighth Minute met the complaint that regiments were denuded of their officers by the Staff, by recommending the addition of two lieutenants to each corps; and the last Minute proposed the conversion of the Commissariat into a separate Staff department, an idea which has been fully carried out by the present Staff Corps.

Such were Lord Dalhousie's proposed military reforms, elaborated with a fulness, submitted with an earnestness, and pressed home with an urgency, which even he seldom manifested. What was the result? They were so carefully buried that, seven short years after their receipt, only seven of the nine could be discovered in the records after diligent search. On the motion of Mr Vansittart, the second alone, along with the protest of 1854, was published by Parliament.

The same wrong was done in this way to Lord Dalhousie which the memory of Burnes suffered by the mutilation and misrepresentation of the Afghan papers. Sir Charles Jackson tells us that "their suppression, coupled with articles, which appeared at the time in the public prints, mis-stating their effect, grievously affected Lord Dalhousie's reputation."

The dying Governor-General thus wrote to Alexander Grant during the two years of the crisis for himself and his country.

*17th February 1857.*—It gratifies me to hear of the interest which you tell me is shown in my condition by the Calcutta world. I may often wish myself back there. . . . There are no news here. The Government is strong only when not attacked, but nobody cares to attack in earnest.

*18th March.*—A general election has come upon us all of a sudden. It has been a very false move on the part of the Conservatives, and will certainly end in seating Lord Palmerston in power more firmly than ever.

*Edinburgh, 1st May.*—I am weak—incapable of exertion or resolution, tormented with the numbness of my nose and throat, without any appetite, and DONE.

*London, 24th June.*—I *can* now walk about the room, but I seldom do, and for all the purposes of life I am quite useless. . . . My own conviction is that climate is of more consequence to me than either waters or any other nasty product of land or sea. I shall therefore play the sunflower, and shall seek for the next twelve months

"To turn on my god when he sets,  
The same look which I turned when he rose."

In plain prose I shall follow warmth through the seasons. Susan (in whom I place more medical confidence than in anybody since you left me) and I have discussed the subject. We have reviewed the South of England, South of France, Pau, Nice, Cannes, Geneva, etc. She and Edith decidedly incline to Malta for the winter, and although I have no pleasant recollection of it in April 1856, yet, all things considered, medical aid, access to it, etc. etc., I believe they are right, and I think we shall end in passing the winter there. Both of them, strange to say, think it a chief recommendation of Malta that there will be a sea-voyage, and Susan sees another merit in the geographical fact that Malta is so far on the way back to India.

I do not apologise for the length at which I have been writing regarding myself, because I know well what I say will have real interest for you. . . .

I know and hear nothing of Indian affairs. Outram's success and the credit Rennie has gained, have given me real pleasure—sadly alloyed by the miserable tidings of poor Ethersey's<sup>1</sup> unhappy fate.

Lord Canning has had a trying time, but I have only newspaper knowledge of what has been going on, and therefore abstain from comment. We have here absolutely no news. There is nothing moving in Parliament or in politics. Palmerston enjoys a truce both from foes and friends—the latter much more dangerous to him than the former. As far as now appears, nothing will be done this year, and all sorts of things are vaguely anticipated for next session. I am happily indifferent to the whole concern.

*London, 24th June 1857.*—I can't get myself into good spirits about my own state, but try to be thankful for such amendment as there is.

I have got a house in Malta for the winter, which Felix warrants to be "charming," and in which I hope we shall bloom and enjoy ourselves better than in the winter that is past.

<sup>1</sup> Captain Ethersey, Indian Navy.



*London, 5th July 1857.*—I am deeply indebted to you for your letter of 18th *May*. You can well imagine with how deep an interest, and with what deep grief I have heard the tidings which the last mail has brought. In a public and private sense all is bitter, and Ramsay has added to it by sending a rumour of D'Oyly's death. The newspaper helps to confirm the rumour, but I cannot and will not believe so sad a tale until another mail shall give us certainty one way or another.

I can think of nothing else but this Outbreak, and, though no alarmist, as you well know, I await with the keenest anxiety the tidings which next mail and successive mails shall bring us.

From this side I can tell you nothing but what the journals will tell you better; for I am still closely secluded, and have seen nobody but Lord Panmure, and from his reserve I did not expect to hear much. There does not appear, however, to be the alarm which on other occasions has often prevailed, and the Government is supposed to be acting promptly. . . . On this day week the thermometer was 92°, said to be the hottest day in England for forty years. I enjoyed it much. Since, it has been colder by 30° or so, and I am 30°, at least, less comfortable. . . . I am very sad, my dear Grant, at the state of things on your side, but I am always very sincerely yours.—D.

*London, 10th August 1857.*—I am most truly obliged by your letter of 19th, and by the newspapers which you sent. I am only sorry that you did not give free and full utterance to your feelings and views as to the state of public affairs, because whatever you said would be quite safe with me, and because you are under a delusion in supposing that I hear *everything* from other quarters. Some officials are very kind in writing to me when under such pressure of work and anxiety, but I am not sure that I hear the voice of *public* opinion. One does not like to trust altogether to the newspapers, nor have I yet seen *The Friend of India*



to which you refer; and for that reason I should have been very glad, and shall always be glad, that you spoke out.

The last mail has dejected and disappointed the public here from its want of any announcement of the capture of Delhi. The thousands of families that have a domestic interest in these events add their anxiety to that which is naturally felt on the public account. But the spirit, on the whole, is good; and all parties—with some rare and discreditable exceptions—are disposed to join in supporting the Government in what they have resolved and are labouring to do. Nay, large reinforcements have already been sent, and more will be despatched if necessary.

What changes all this may lead to hereafter, it would be premature to discuss.

Last mail brought me a few lines from the Brigadier<sup>1</sup> at Gwalior, who had a very narrow “squeak” for it on 14th June, but had been sent in safe to Agra. I lament the defection of those troops deeply, as well as the Brigadier’s own personal losses, to say nothing of his health, which can hardly fail to suffer from such work in the middle of June. I earnestly hope you may be able to give good accounts of your brother in Oudh when you next write.

This is a sharp and searching time for us all.

Last week we came to town that I might see Sir B. Brodie before he went away for his holidays. They considered me as having steadily improved during my stay at Malvern, and I think they are right. . . . Still the complaint is there, and I see no end to it; nor can I consider myself nearer recovery than I was a year ago, while in respect of the throat I am in even a worse condition. . . .

*Edinburgh, 25th August 1857.*— . . . These wretched events in the East make me quite miserable. Of course there are plenty who inculcate me; and

<sup>1</sup> His cousin, W. Maule Ramsay.

although it is very hard to be incapacitated from defence when one believes oneself without blame, I believe that I care less for the blame and for the defencelessness than for the misfortunes which lead men to blame, and render defence of my administration necessary. In the meantime, the rest of mind which I feel to be essential to my progress towards recovery is gone. Nevertheless, I am, on the whole, better than when I wrote to you last. We came down to Edinburgh on 10th, and, as we have had fine weather, on the whole, I have been much out at the Castle and in the air. . . .

*Edinburgh, 24th September 1857.*—I am sincerely obliged by your letter of 1st August, and need hardly assure you that whatever you may have said, or may say, is quite safe with me. You fall into the error, however, which we are all apt to commit, of assuming that I hear *fully* from others. I do not hear from many, and always with the reserve which I suppose an old Governor-General naturally creates. Your unreserved communications are for that reason doubly welcome.

The local Government at such a time was of course certain to be accused and reviled, but there are some points in which I cannot help feeling that they have fairly exposed themselves to attack from first to last. This last business at Dinapore exceeds all power of imagination. General Lloyd, it is said, put undue faith in the Sepoys; but why was it left to General Lloyd, or to General or Mr Anybody, to order the measures so obviously necessary to safety? The extension of disturbance below Benares is the worst intelligence we have yet received.

My whole heart is sick and sore at what I hear, and the mental anxiety and disquietude which are produced by what is going on in the scenes of my former services, I am conscious is retarding the course of my progress towards health.

My poor friend, Sir George Couper, is in deep anxiety for George and his family at Lucknow, and not without apprehension for the other one who has been ill at Buxar.

And poor Banks, too; and now Colville says it is reported that D'Oyly has died at Meerut. My God, what a rending asunder is here of the household which a few months since was living so happily together in the hills!<sup>1</sup>

I have been living quietly in this town since I last wrote to you. On one day I have been sitting to Sir John Watson Gordon for the portrait which is to go to the Legislative Council, and on every other day I go out to the Castle. The weather, on the whole, has been fine, so that I have usually been able to sit in the sun, and to doddle about upon "Golden-foot."<sup>2</sup> The effect on my general health has been good. My eyes are very weak and sore, which is a great affliction to me, but otherwise my ailments are now confined to the throat and the leg. . . .

*Edinburgh, 7th October 1857.*—If I could ever forget for half-an-hour together what is going on among you, I should be reminded of it to-day by the solemn tolling of the bells, which in this city and throughout the land are calling all to offer up their prayers, as a people, which have long been abundantly and fervently poured forth by thousands and thousands, for the safety and deliverance of kindred and country. I have not been able to join, for I have passed the last two days in bed; but God knows, my dear Grant, I do pray with all my heart for that blessing, without which even the splendid efforts which have been made for the restoration of our fame by those who have been fighting for it in Hindostan will have been made in vain.

The last mail gave a dreadful shock to all who were looking to Lucknow, and to my poor friends, the Coupers,

<sup>1</sup> When Alexander Grant joined the Governor-General's staff in 1848, it was thus constituted—Mr T. F. Courtenay, Private Secretary; Colonel A. Mountain, C.B., H.M. 26th Regiment, Military Secretary; Captain James Ramsay, H.M. 22nd, Captain Lord Arthur Hay, H.M. Grenadier Guards, and Lieutenant the Honourable C. F. W. Fane, H.M. 74th Highlanders, Aides-de-Camp.

<sup>2</sup> His Burma pony.

among others. I have been doing my best to cheer their hopes by the few rays of comfort which your letter and others contained, and I trust in God the result may answer to our hopes. I am sincerely obliged to you for the trouble you take in sending me what you hear, and I hope you will not weary of doing so. The immediate consequences of the Dinapore business were less calamitous than might have been expected, if they do not take any turn for the worse, and we are hoping that they bettered so as to better things above.

Your Calcutta petition (under the auspices, I see, of Sir George Larpent!) has met with no favour in any influential quarter, and if no heavier metal than that is brought to bear, the Governor-General need not be disquieted. Of course there will be attack: personal—party—political—religious—factious—every possible classification of attack; but the Government is strong, and so, I hope, will be the defence—at all events, where their case is good; which, you know, has not always been true of their defence. . . . Minnie<sup>1</sup> has been sitting for her picture, and will give more trouble before it is done than the whole National Gallery of Portraits. Steele has finished a charming bust of Susan, and the model of the statue of me; and Watson Gordon has finished his picture for the Legislative Council, so far as the *man* is concerned. So you see we have been doing a great deal for posterity. . . .

29th October 1857 (on board *Indus*, near Malta).—We have arrived within a day of Malta, and though I do not hope to accomplish more than a few lines, I must not lose the earliest opportunity of saying to you how deeply and truly I feel for you in the grief which has been brought upon you by the loss of your poor brother. I remember the warm affection you always evinced for him, and I am conscious that his fate will afflict you sorely. Still, you may be proud to remember that, in a time which tried all men's mettle, he did a high duty well and gallantly, and set an example which the best

<sup>1</sup> A favourite dog.



men among us might be glad to follow. A few words of ourselves. . . . Altogether, and on every ground, I am out of spirits.

*Malta, 12th November 1857.*—Your letter of 8th October has been most welcome on every account—Delhi, Lucknow, and yourself. Though the tidings from Lucknow were not so completely reassuring as anybody might have wished, I reckon on the tidings of the fall of Delhi producing a great moral effect there, as everywhere else, and expect to hear of things there encasing a better aspect at the end of the fortnight after you wrote. The mention of the Coupers' names in more than one letter encouraged me to report regarding them to Sir George, who continued very anxious, though much less desponding, almost hopeless, than he once appeared to be. Your mention of Robertson's name as having escaped from Futtygurh amazed me; but though you spoke of his reappearance at Cawnpore as a fact, I have not ventured to write to that effect to his brother, who is one of my officers in the Lord Register's Department, the family having all been convinced of his death, and having put on mourning for him. To give them hopes now of his safety on anything less than positive certainty would be a cruel aggravation of their grief, but I do hope with all my heart that the news of his safety may be true. It is a sad sign of the times in which we live, that one feels justified in expressing *hope* also that the report of his wife having been drowned may be the true version of her fate. . . .

So far as I can guess, for I do not know, the Government will support Lord Canning with all their might and power, naturally as one of themselves. There is in all that part of the Press which I see, a desire apparent to treat him fairly, and to make all allowance for the terrible difficulties of his position.

Attacks, of course, there will be on him, on me, on everybody, for the last hundred years; and the first night of the next session will commence a general

action, which may last as long as the siege of Sebastopol. Sometimes I am glad that I am excluded from the fight *volens volens*; sometimes I fret at the thought of absence even when compulsory. Anyhow, there seems not the remotest possibility of my being sound enough for action, even in the spring. . . .

Since we came we have had bad weather—a most unusual season “as usual”; it has been infernally hot, stuffy, and chokeful of mosquitoes—in short, not at all a bad imitation of Chowringhee in November. All this, it seems, is from the sirocco winds, which you remember their always talking of last year. Yesterday we had a gale, and to-day it is coldish and fresh.

I brought a comfortable carriage with me, for which they have good little Arab horses here. The harbour is 20 feet from the door, and I have the Governor’s barge when I want it, and lots of eighteen-penny two-oars, which I like much better; and behind the house are beautiful terraced gardens, accessible in quiet to me and my crutches at any time. With these resources I ought to get plenty of fresh air.

But our winter in Malta has had a most sad beginning—our poor old Minnie is dead. She had been failing fast all this year, and was not well when we left in England, but there seemed nothing serious the matter. She was wretched on board the steamer, which we attributed to her being excluded from the cabin and consigned to the butcher—the fate of *ex-G.G.’s* dogs. When coming ashore here she tried to leap ashore, but fell short, and struck her chest against the stone quay. She must have injured herself internally, for she grew worse and worse, and at last vomited blood and died. She lies buried in the garden here, and there are very few human beings whose death would make me so sad as the loss of this dumb old friend has done. You, at least, will recall a thousand reasons why this should be so—and it is so.<sup>1</sup> I had an oil painting of her made just before we left Edinburgh very luckily. . . .

<sup>1</sup> She was a pet of Lady Dalhousie’s, and the most gentle and attached creature I ever knew.—A. G.

*Malta, 27th November 1857.*—My writing by this mail is not altogether disinterested, for I am going to give you a little commission before I have done, but not altogether selfish either, for I know you will wish to hear how I got on. Well, pretty much the same, I think. . . . We have had three or four days of heavy gales and rain. Now the weather is fine again, but I find the temperature very variable. I sleep much better here and eat twice a day, not with appetite quite, but reasonably. . . . This, I think, is enough of myself. . . .

Now for my commission. “My lamented friend,” the late Sir C. Napier, paid a visit to Delhi in the month of November (I think) 1849. While he was there he presented a set of new colours to a native regiment, which was, I think, the 41st. On that occasion he made a speech, and that speech I want to get.<sup>1</sup> I should be very obliged to you if you would get it for me, and I think you will probably be able to do so by looking into *The Delhi Gazette* of November or December 1849, or *The Englishman*, or some of the papers which they keep at the Military Club.<sup>2</sup>

It seems vain labour to be collecting materials which I shall probably never be able to use; but it is as well to arm oneself for the future, even if at present one is in irons.

A thousand thanks to you for your newspapers. But here I can get the overlands, and beg you not to take the trouble of sending papers unless there be anything special in any of them, which you wish me to see.

Your mention of the Coupers was most serviceable. I sent it on in haste, and it gave Sir George the first intelligence of their safety. . . .

<sup>1</sup> I found the speech in *The Delhi Gazette*, and it was highly laudatory of the Native Army.—A. G.

<sup>2</sup> See also “Minutes on the Resignation of the late General Sir Charles Napier of the Command of the Army in India,” by Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Dalhousie, and General Sir Charles Napier, etc. (John Murray, 1854).

*Malta, 27th December 1857.*—Your letter of 24th November has come just in time to let me thank you for it by the starting mail. I hope my thanks may be legible; but one of my grievances is the unmanageableness of my hand, which so jumps and shakes that oftentimes I can hardly sign my name. I know no reason for this. I never take tea of any strength, and very little of it at all, and I know nothing else which should make me so shaky.

The news from Lucknow, it is needless to say, have made me and everybody else very happy, and I hope that continuous good news may follow it for months to come. Your letters do not make me feel cheery as to the future, and nobody else says anything that at all lessens the impression they produce. But if there are those who think well enough of me to believe that my return hereafter might be useful, they lean on a really broken reed. If my “coffin” would take any effect I shall be glad to send it, of the best Spanish mahogany, gilt nails and handles; but I myself should be of no more use than that usually unprofitable corse would be. In fact, I am less hopeful, more directly desponding, than I have ever yet been.

I have now been here for two months, with a climate, on the whole, of the first character, good medical advice, and everything in my favour. Yet I am not one bit better in any respect. . . . I have been so unlucky as to get cold, which has given me sore throat, and has brought back my worst suffering, the tic all over the left side of my head. My rest is destroyed, my appetite again wholly gone. I loathe the sight of food, and in spite of tonics and careful treatment, with which I have no fault to find, I am low, languid, sick, deaf, stupid, weak, and miserable.

Every commendable place has done me good at first. So did this. But, like all the others, it seems to have lost its virtue after a time.

Susan always has maintained that I ought never to stay longer than a month or two in any one place. So convinced is she of the soundness of this theory and of



the efficacy of the sea, that she perseveringly urges me to go on board ship deliberately at the fine season and go to Australia and back again. Both of them fancy the trip, and I have so much faith in that girl's judgment and sense that I allow myself to ask you, seriously and confidentially, whether you think it would be advantageous to my health in a greater degree than residence or movement inland would be. Of course I would wish you not to mention this possible project to anybody. The enclosures which you sent me in your letter, 10th November, from Mr Townsend,<sup>1</sup> were very justly gratifying to me. I shall trouble you with a note, which you will perhaps *enclose* to him, lest the post-office clerks should have an opportunity of surmising that I am sending articles to the editor of *The Friend of India* about myself, and should communicate this discovery to *The Englishman*.

In the midst of the mortification which the mangling of my medical proposals must give me, it is some consolation to know that "Brigadier" John Forsyth<sup>2</sup> has been put at the head of the Service. Give him my warm congratulations when he turns up, and my best and kindest regards.

There will be endless jealousies and confusions and disputes arising out of the contact of Queen's and Company's medical officers in such altered proportions in India. These will probably take place more or less in other branches of the service, and I do not think there is any head among them at home which is capable of foreseeing the difficulty and adjusting it, unless it be Lord Ellenborough, and him they will not trust. Unless it be by the trust of the present Government, he is not likely to have any other chance of active usefulness, for, weak as the present Government is in *itself*, there seems to be literally no opposition at all; and till Palmerston has his apoplexy, there is nothing to end his administration.

<sup>1</sup> See further on, in Grant's biographical sketch of Lord Dalhousie, page 159.

<sup>2</sup> See page 72.

*Malta, 11th January 1858.*—Many thanks for your last letter of 10th December, and for the papers which you continue to send me in such profusion. Some of the views are unalloyed, but some seem there which ought not to be there. All that has been happening at Chittagong, etc., bears a very unsatisfactory aspect. On the whole, however, I think we ought to be satisfied. The weather here has been cruelly against me for the last four weeks. While in England Christmas Day was almost mistaken for May Day, and the trees have been budding and robin red-breasts building their nests; here it has been a “most unusual season”—cold and wet and raw exceedingly. This has cut me off from the open air, which is my life-blood, and has kept the heavy cold I had caught hanging about me. . . .

The tic in my head has been desperate, my sleep totally gone, and a loathing of food more abject than in the hottest of any hot weather. I suffer much distress and pass dismal nights still, but less so than when I last wrote to you.

*Malta, 27th January 1858.*—Your last letter of 24th December was full of interest, and I thank you for it extremely.

Your young brother has early smelt powder, and in right good company. His letter is written in an excellent tone and spirit, and I hope his health will prove as stout as the rest of him. . . .

Everything that has been done at Lucknow has been creditable to the actors, and honourable to our name and character. You judge rightly in believing that I should be sincerely gratified by the distinguished part which George Couper<sup>1</sup> has taken in it all. To have borne a part in that siege will give a man standing for the rest of his life, and the conspicuous share *he* has had in it will certainly aid his future career materi-

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lieutenant-Governor, North-Western Provinces, and second Baronet.

ally. His father will be extremely delighted, but I have not heard from him since the Lucknow dispatch was published.

The winter here has continued bitterly cold, wet, and stormy. Yesterday was mild, with bright sunshine; yet as I drove along the road to Citta Vecchia I saw the snow lying in considerable quantities by the wayside. They say that such a thing was never heard of in Malta before.

Of course my throat does not improve, and I am almost inaudible from hoarseness and very deaf in the left ear. The tic is considerably subdued by the quinine. I sleep better, and do not so entirely loathe food.

*Malta, 12th February 1858.*—The long-legged *Pera* is coming this time, and I am a little afraid of being late for her mail; but I must make an attempt to thank you for your letter of 9th January with its most interesting enclosures. Those of Captain Orr give information which is of real public interest, and (as it seems to me) encouraging in its tenor. The news of his brother's massacre with poor young Burnes and others, at a stage of this sad drama when we had hoped that horrors were at last exhausted, is most miserable. It will rouse again the appetite for vengeance already so strong, and complicate and exasperate everything.

Your little graphic sketches of Sir Colin, with his R.A.'s and other Royal brethren, are highly edifying, and the scenes themselves will delight the Company's officers in their very souls. He has done his work very well so far, and I hope may complete as well.

In England the tide seems to run much less fiercely against the Company than it did; and I do not feel at all sure that the Government will be able to carry any Bill which makes fundamental changes in the government of India. But we shall be able to judge better when a few weeks of the session shall have passed. Hitherto they have been thinking of nothing but marrying and giving in marriage.

To-day I saw my doctor. He considers me better,

“decidedly.” I may be better medically, but practically I am no better. I croak ten times worse than any “maidân” crow that sits on Lord William Bentinck’s head. I am as deaf as the Ochterlony Monument, and as dull as the pulpit in the Old Cathedral.

That leads me to say I was very sorry to hear of the poor old Bishop’s departure—if one may be sorry for what I feel assured is great gain for him. If you should ever see old Mrs Ellerton, express this feeling of mine to her, and offer her my own and Susan’s affectionate regards.

We have had a few warm days this last week, but to-day it has been cold and dark and damp again. We have taken our places back to England on the *Indus*, which will leave this on 7th May. We shall arrive in England on the 17th, when surely the east winds will be over.

I had almost and ungratefully forgotten to thank you for the trouble you have taken in getting me the late lamented Sir C. Napier’s address to the 41st N.I. It was just what I had been looking for.

*Malta, 28th February 1858.*—It is just two years to-day—the last day of February—since I laid down the Office of Governor-General; and, ill as I then was, upon my word, my dear Grant, I was a better man than I feel myself at this moment. Our very cold winter has passed, but the weather is still wet, cloudy, uncertain, and raw. When we have two sunny bright days together, I get better at once; when, as is more usual, the barometer goes the other way, I am all wrong. For two months I have been almost voiceless. Whether this will pass away or not I do not know, but at present it completes my disablement as a speaker, and shuts me out from society, even down to a morning visitor; for the effort of talking is great and painful. . . .

This mail will carry out to you the astounding news of Lord Palmerston’s overthrow on the Conspiracy Bill. I can, however, gratify you with no secret history, for even here we know nothing as yet. The telegraph has



only gasped out that Lord Derby is Prime Minister and his son Secretary of State for the Colonies.

This will be a severe blow to Lord Canning, and will probably perplex him a good deal, even if they did not move him, which I hardly think they would just now.

The news which continue to come from your side are lately as favourable as any one could fairly expect. I have already thanked you for the very interesting enclosures you sent me from Oudh and elsewhere. I have heard both from D'Oyly and from Meham. . . . So we have got news of the relics of the old Staff.

There is a young civilian arriving out by next steamer whom I want you to notice a little. His name is Charles Temple. He is a son of a most worthy man, who was for many years my tutor, and to whose teaching and early discipline I consider that I owe most of the success I may have gained and all the little good there is in me. I have not seen the lad, but he came out second of his term, and is very well spoken of.

*Malta, 13th March 1858.*—This day has arrived, and your mail, due on the 7th, has not made its appearance, so that the P. O. have dropped another stitch somewhere, I suppose.

The English papers will tell you all that I know about the change of Government. In real earnest, it took everybody as much by surprise in Westminster as in Wellesley Place. At present the public seem disposed to treat Lord Derby fairly; but although his Government may not, and probably will not, fall immediately, it cannot, in the nature of things, have any long duration.

I have no interest in the matter. I wish well to Lord Derby himself; but his colleagues in the Commons have treated me so unfairly as a public man, and used me so scandalously, that I could have no sympathies with them, whether in office or out of it.

There is much more interest for me in the fact that in England they have had a month of double-edged

east wind, and last week a very heavy fall of snow, for this gives fair ground to hope that we shall have summer weather when we arrive in England, for which I think you know we are to start on the 7th of May.

Here the weather has been fine above, but the winds are still very cold; and equally cold whether they are from the Apennines or a sirocco from the great desert.

Whether this is the cause or not I cannot tell, but my throat continues without amendment, so much so that I am getting alarmed about it. It has lasted now so long—ever since Christmas—that I fear its becoming chronic, in which case it would be a more complete gag than even the other affection of the throat was. . . .

*Malta, 28th March 1858.*—I have nothing to say to you worth saying about ourselves, but I must write to say how grieved we were to hear of your being ill, and how much obliged to you I am for taking the trouble of writing to me when so lately on your back.

The *Ava*, I perceive, has carried to the bottom with her letters from you and others, and the fishes are profiting by your first impressions of Courtenay's appearance and of his health, for in your letter of the 22nd you speak of him as an ordinary citizen, or as if he had already got through his drill under Monty Turnbull in the Calcutta Volunteers. So, if there was anything in your letter of 9th February that you much wished me to know, you must write it over again.

The letters which were enclosed in your last were as interesting as their predecessors, and I am truly obliged to you for them.

From England I hear not a word. Lord Derby and his people will have all fair play given them; but you will see that it is given as to a weak antagonist, who is supposed to be far from formidable. We shall see.

Our weather has improved, but it is very variable. I am much as before. . . . I shall be anxious until I hear of your shaking off dysentery.

*Malta, 13th April 1858.*—I was rejoiced to find by your letter of 9th March—for which many thanks—that you were able for your work again, and I sincerely hope that you may have no recurrence of your attack. Courtenay writes not gaily but contentedly, I think, of the progress he makes, slow as it is; and I was very glad to perceive that you thought he might wholly recover his health; for during all last year he went so rapidly from bad to worse, and when he was here looked and was so very ill, that I really began to be apprehensive for him.

By the last mail Mrs Couper and Mrs Banks arrived. They breakfasted and remained a short time with me. Mrs Couper looked infinitely better and brisker than I ever before saw her, and being got up in a gorgeous manner, she looked as little like the wasted remains of the besieged as could well be. Mrs Banks, poor little soul, on the contrary, had all her gaiety and briskness utterly taken out of her—so pale and sad and so subdued compared to what she was when I last saw her leading poor Banks captive, that it made my heart ache to look at her and think of what had come to pass in the interval since we parted at Barrackpore. . . .

People write to me from England that the prospect of temporary endurance which Lord Derby's Government enjoyed at first has been much weakened by the India Bill, which Lord Ellenborough has produced. Everything depends upon whether the Whigs can make up their quarrels and settle their pretensions shortly or not. If they do, the Bill will go, and with it the Government, either without a dissolution or after one, and under such circumstances the Bill would go if it were as good in reality as people now think it bad.

All of you, including himself, will be surprised to see Dorin's name among the proposed Crown Councillors. I am very glad of it, for I have a great regard for Dorin; but I certainly did not look for his name, as I did not know that he stood so high with Lord Ellenborough in that personal favour

which has dictated many of his nominations. For instance, Pringle, because he praised Sir Charles Napier and ruled Scinde; Pennefather, because he commanded 22nd at Meanee; Burlton, because, I suppose, he was at Maharajpore; Wade, because of Afghanistan, and others. Some of these are good men, but, obviously, they are selected because of their connection with his own rule.

The notion of supplanting Willoughby by Pringle in the representation of Bombay is grotesque.

We have now most lovely summer weather here, dry and warm. I keep out in the open air as much as I can, and already the affection of the larynx is sensibly improved. I am still very hoarse, but I can make a sound, which I hardly could do some time ago. . . .

*Malta, 29th April 1858.*—The *Indus* is expected to-night, and gives me a hint to prepare for her the last letter which you will receive from Malta. I was much concerned to read the account you give of Courtenay, and I am more apprehensive regarding him than I have ever yet been. He tells me that he is thinking of Malvern. If he goes there I shall probably see him, for the place is health-giving, quite apart from Dr Gully. The Brigadier arrived, looking thin and a good deal older and much quelled in spirits. The latter are beginning to rise again already. . . . He does not report to me so well of your health as I hoped and should wish to hear him. Beware, my good friend, how you follow my stupid example, and do not remain in India when your health requires you to leave it, either from a sense of supposed duty or from any other motive. I have paid heavily for doing so, and believe now that I shall continue to pay to the end of my life. I should be glad to warn you off a similar fate. I conceive, now that I have got to the end of my Malta course, that I have been right in believing my residence here to have been a failure. . . .



The affection of the larynx, produced by the winter of 1858, has yielded in some degree since the commencement of the spring. But even now I can only produce a hoarse croak, very hideous to listen to, and laborious to emit. I feel weak—can't shake off the tic which hangs about my left half-head, am very deaf of the left ear, and am generally useless. . . .

This is a fair and unexaggerated report of what I am just two years after you last saw me in this same place. I should be ungrateful to God if I were not to admit myself better than I was then, but still the progress has been in reality small.

The girls have certainly derived benefit from the winter here—especially Edith. . . .

The subject of India and Indian legislation is too sad for me to write even a single line about it.

I am packing again, and am driven to the verge of suicide three times a day in consequence. . . .

*Malta, 9th May 1858.*—The detestable packing is over, and we are riding at single anchor, waiting for the *Indus*, which is expected to-night. I shall occupy a little of the interval in giving you a parting report of myself.

Dr Stilon inspected me yesterday. He is a sensible and modest man, free from humbug or professional charlatanry of any sort. I am therefore disposed to rely on what he says. His opinion is that whatever may be my sensations or convictions, I am distinctly better, in a general sense, than when I came here in November. . . . The larynx has been the grievance of this winter. The affection of it, however, has been materially improved since the warm weather commenced, and I think it improves every week. My voice is still very husky, and speaking fatigues me, but I am audible and less wheezy. My general health he considers decidedly better. I am thinner, my face no longer puffy, and my aspect wholesome. The tic alone refuses to surrender, and it still persecutes me disagreeably. This is his report; you will be able to form your own judgment of it,

*Malvern Wells, 17th June 1858.*—Your kind perseverance in writing to me has accumulated several letters in my hands since our departure from Malta, from which time I have been incapable of writing at all. The place seemed never to agree with my health generally. . . . We had a beautiful passage—nothing to call bad weather all the way—but, contrary to my usual custom, I was mortally sea-sick all the way, and continued so to the last. I ate nothing, grew very thin, suffered in my head, and arrived with a new complication, viz. an affection of the left eye, which had been growing worse all the way from Malta, and which finally landed me with double vision.

On reaching town, I saw the old triumvirate.<sup>1</sup> . . .

I remained ten days in London. Head no better, throat no better, sight no better—not double any longer, but confused; eye very painful and sensation distressing.

Ten days at Malvern—no better. Tonic doing no good. Always sick—head damnable; eye not a bit better; throat very decidedly worse. . . . I therefore resolved to see Dr Gully of this place, and if he proposed nothing violent, to put myself in his hands. I did so—gave him your notes and conversed with him. He attributes my illness, as everybody has done, to overwrought brain, and looks for the cure, as most have done, in improvement of general health. . . .

As yet I have been only two days in hand, so that no results can be expected yet. But I have felt no ill results. Last night I certainly slept better than I have done for long.

The weather since we landed in England has been quite lovely, but excessively hot. . . .

I wish to thank you very sincerely for the great trouble you have taken in copying extracts of letters for me. I was rejoiced to hear that your anxiety for your young brother was allayed, and that he was safe at

<sup>1</sup> Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir Ranald Martin, and Mr T. A. Stone, medical advisers.

Landour. I have heard much of late from Courtenay and the Brigadier, and although it is not my fashion to despond, all that I have been hearing makes me very low. And then doctors say to me, "Keep your mind easy, and don't bother yourself about India"!

*Malvern Wells, 8th July 1858.*—You will be glad to hear how we are going on here. . . . Of myself I have to report that I have been going on with Gully's treatment for now three weeks.

In respect of diet, he allows me to eat pretty much what I like, and as much as I wish for, provided it is simple; all this suits me perfectly. Of wine I get one glass daily, and I do not in the least feel the absence of the surplus, or any want of stimulus. On the contrary, my strength is decidedly increased; in proof of which I may mention that I yesterday walked more than half-a-mile on my crutches along the road.

My appetite is improved; so is my sleep. The neuralgic pain in the head is diminished though not removed. Altogether I have a bettersome feeling. *But* the vision of my eye is not mended, my throat is not improved, and my leg is as it was.

Time, of course, is necessary for the development of this system, and I am quite reasonably willing to give it.

The weather has been against us all, for after excessive heat—up to 90°—it has become cold and raw, with glass down to 50°. How anybody survives one summer in these British Isles is the wonder!

Very many thanks to you indeed for your letter of 18th May and for your extracts. I do not regard the progress of events as satisfactory at all, and the uneasiness in the Mahratta country, of which we have since heard, is a disagreeable complication of the situation.

In this country the India Bill is virtually through the Commons, and though it is very far still from what it should be (even if it was to be at all), still it is very much better than when it was first produced. What the House of Lords will do I cannot tell you.

The Commons have passed it in sheer despair of ever understanding the subject, and to get rid of it, voting against Lord Palmerston or Lord John Russell or Gladstone, or anybody else who attempted to stand for a moment in the way of that desired end. Whether the Lords will do the same remains to be seen. None of my correspondents have given me any notion.

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“This is the last letter I received from Lord Dalhousie. The change to Malvern and the treatment there failed, as every other change and treatment had hitherto done. Long afterwards he sent me a message by Colonel Bowie, when returning to India from sick furlough, to say that he owed replies to many correspondents, and that he would begin by first writing to me. But alas! he was never able, and those dear to him and around him often hinted to me not to discontinue my letters which were a great pleasure to him, so I continued occasionally to write to him to the close of his life, in December 1860. By almost every mail I heard either from his daughter, Lady Susan, or his cousin, General W. Maule Ramsay, and the latter wrote me a very affecting account of the death-bed scene.”

Fortunately for history Dr Grant has left the “Biographical Fragment,” as he termed it, or sketch of the great Governor-General, which follows.

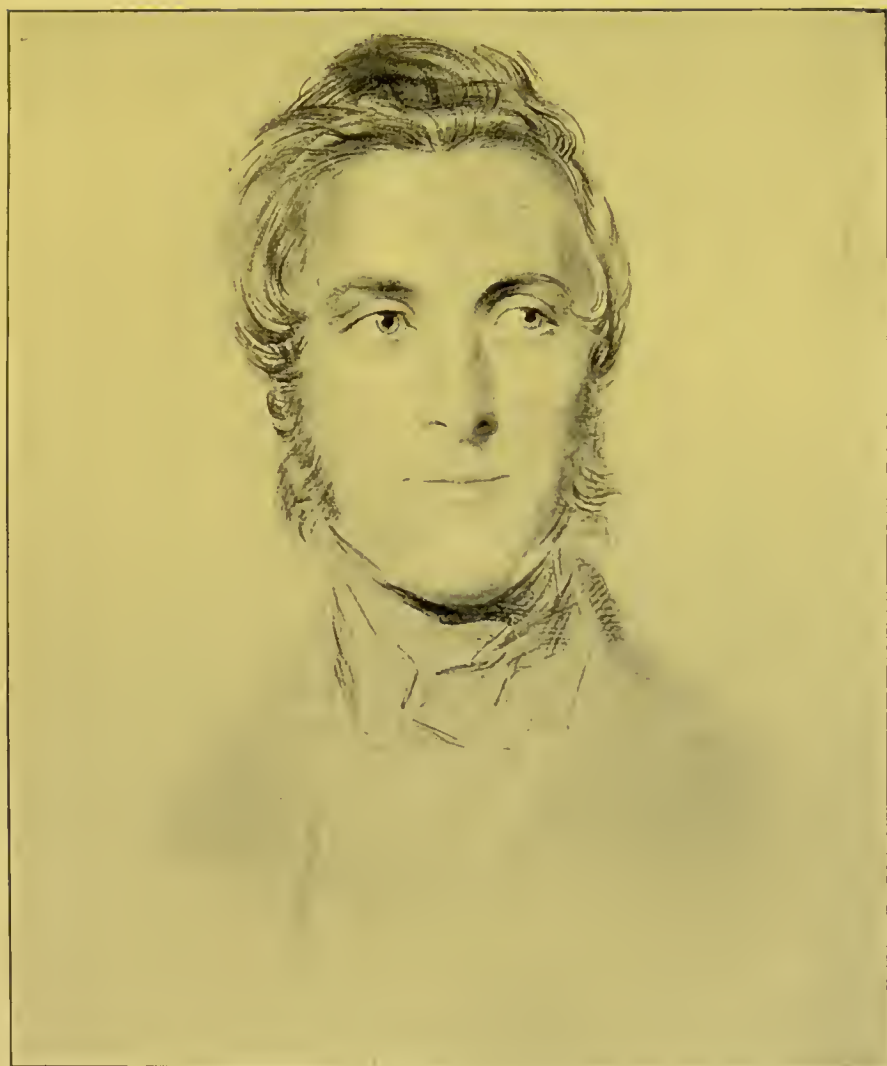


## CHAPTER IX

### ALEXANDER GRANT ON THE MARQUIS OF DALHOUSIE.

ON a sultry day at the close of the depressing month of September 1848, I was first introduced to Lord Dalhousie, at Government House, Calcutta. It was the first year of his rule, and a period of great political anxiety and military preparation; for the Sikhs were in open revolt, and the Governor-General was to leave for the North-West Provinces in a few days. The business on which I had been summoned was discussed and soon settled, and I left, much impressed by the force and directness as well as the courtesy of one whose confidence and friendship I was destined to enjoy till the close of his life.

His appearance was very youthful, as well it might be, for at this time he was only thirty-six years of age; his delicate features and manner had a thorough air of high-breeding and of authority that commanded respect and even awe. He was of middle height, well-knit, erect in gait, dignified and stately, with a grand—a Titian—head, full of thought, manly and handsome. His countenance was of a long oval, the forehead broad and deep, the nose tending to aquiline, with fine and clearly-chiselled nostrils, the eyes large, light, piercingly bright and wide apart—really



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*Alphonse*



quick, clear, honest eyes. The mouth was well shaped and full of expression, the lips long and thin and playful, indicating at one time by their tremulous mobile motion a winning and gracious good humour, but when compressed showing displeasure or inflexible will. In his voice there was an irresistible fascination, and when he spoke publicly one felt a thrill of admiration, a stirring fervour, which it is difficult to describe. I have now before me vividly that presence, neat but not dressy, which ever inspired respect, his graceful bearing and open mien, so marked and individual, the look of inborn nobility and intellect that impressed all with the dignity of "the little man," as he was sometimes fondly spoken of. He could on fitting occasions be cold and distant, but never ill-mannered.

After eight years of an Indian climate and much physical and mental suffering, the features, so distinguished for grace and delicacy, became rather puffy and rounded, but the same smile played on the lips, the eyes were not dimmed, but seemed fuller of sympathy, and the intellect shone brighter by widened experience and cultivation.

It has been said that "crises are the opportunities of latent greatness, and every crisis has its heroes." This well applies to Lord Dalhousie, who, early in his government, found himself, by force of circumstances, in a position when his energy and judgment were called into the fullest exercise, and the public recognised in him a master mind, one who showed no want of fortitude or serenity under reverses. The opportunity had come, and he knew how to use it. From that day his influence over his own countrymen in India was un-



bounded, and the memory of his youthful, unquestionable genius, his strong nerve and sagacity, still dwells among them. Oft did I hear during the time of the great Sepoy Mutiny, "Oh, for one day of 'the little man.'" He knew that Englishmen are more easily won by firmness than by flattery. On a memorable public occasion, in this same year, before starting for the frontier, it electrified the public to hear him, trumpet-tongued and battling with the storm, giving utterance with rare felicity to his convictions and his hopes of the victories that would reward the national efforts.

But it is not my intention to dwell on the public career of an illustrious and high-minded man who showed intellectual strength, great political resources, and rare power of managing and directing men, for all that is to be found in the records of the time. I desire only to preserve in these pages, in language void of admiring exaggeration, some traits of a character of singular strength and beauty that the biographer of the distant future may desire to possess. To the public loss, he willed that his papers should not be published till fifty years after his death. This decision arose from his scrupulous sense of honour in case of breaches of confidence, and in order to avoid giving pain to any near relations of those officers on whose acts he had commented freely and unfavourably. Such consideration to others shows what man he was, and raises our ideal of human life. "Nobody," said Johnson, "can write the life of a man but those who have ate and drank and lived in social intercourse with him." That one advantage I possess, and make mention of it to give strength to the recollections which follow.

The memory of his father was ever most dear to Lord Dalhousie, and there can be no doubt of the confidence, joy, and hope with which that father looked forward to the career of a favourite son who early in life was remarkable as thoughtful and fertile of intellect; indeed from his childhood he was a thinker, and his early habit of concentrated attention continued through life.

The one place in the world which he most desired to revisit was Canada. He used to tell how as a boy of ten years he was sent home from thence in a small brig, and then began the practice of keeping a diary. He was one who could never slumber away his life, and the late Dr Smith of Lasswade told me that, when a very small boy, he often used to accompany him on his pony in visiting his patients, and listen with eagerness to the traditional history of the surrounding country. Scottish story and Scottish heraldry had a lively interest for him, and in the last years of his Vicerealty he read the "Waverley Novels" with his eldest daughter, who had joined him in India.

During his education at Harrow, the School was visited, in 1823, by the Marquis of Hastings, himself a Harrovian, who presented each boy with a couple of sovereigns—such a princely act of liberality that it gave to the boys a very vivid impression of the wealth and grandeur of an ex-Governor-General. Already he seems to have had a consciousness of the powers he possessed, and beginning life with accurate habits made attention to details easy. He seemed to feel that whenever he pleased he could command personal distinction. This presentiment of future power, with

easy readiness and address, seemed to destine him for the bar ; but, while yet at Oxford University, the early death of his eldest brother put an end to these views. He often regretted the loss of such a career, for, trained to habits of industry, and with great aptitude for business, he would have risen by constant exertion, and by the force of his character and general ability, to the highest judicial office. Doubtless he would have excelled in any career, for there is an instinct to rise in men like him, finding their level as water does. And notwithstanding this premature manliness of character and judgment in him, he was never misled by vanity to an undue appreciation of his capacity.

I well remember hearing from one of the oldest friends of himself and his family how as a young man he astonished, delighted, and overawed an Election Committee when he contested Edinburgh against Mr Abercromby. At the first meeting the programme of their proceedings was being laid down, and no one even thought of consulting the young candidate himself. At length, when every one had had his say, Lord Ramsay rose, and quietly remarking that he was the person chiefly concerned, pointed out the duties of each with a courtesy yet firmness that at once impressed all present with the fact that they had to deal with a man of energy and capacity and born to command.

So it was through life : he put his soul into everything he undertook ; he lived thrice the life of ordinary vegetating people, and communicated his energy to all about him. His faculties were ever active and earnest, and, turning his natural inclinations to good account,

he ever manifested an intensity of will in real duties which his conscience approved.

His failure at Edinburgh did not dishearten him, and he pleasantly told the people at the hustings that they were "Daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen." He afterwards became a candidate for the representation of Haddingtonshire, and was successful. In these election battles the energies and capacities of his sensitive and powerful nature were developed; he acquired a knowledge of men, and his easy manner and fund of light anecdote, combined with his thorough mastery of the Scots tongue, served him in good stead. The number of miles he rode daily, and the number of glasses of whisky he was compelled, out of politeness and policy, to drink during the Haddington canvass, he used to speak of as real feats not unworthy of the strongest and hardest-headed Scotsman.

*Viewed as a Statesman.*—His sole ambition was to be a statesman, and politics became very early the pursuit of his life. With his unimpeachable integrity of aim, and his marvellous power of correctly appreciating circumstances, he at once saw how necessary was a special training, as in a profession; and although born and brought up in a position very favourable to personal success and political distinction, he fought his way to notice by sheer energy and ability. Place and opportunity showed the man, and discovered qualities unknown to others, but suspected by himself.

His labours at the Board of Trade, first as Vice-President, and then as President and Chief Commissioner of Railways, are still remembered, for the period was one



of the most momentous in the commercial history of our country, involving the ruin of so many thousands by the railway speculative mania. His sagacity and penetration foresaw the coming crisis, that might have been averted, if in 1843 Sir Robert Peel had had the political courage to support the views of his President of the Board of Trade, in Government assuming the direction and control of all railways, so far as to sanction only lines which had commercial and strategical advantages. By thus preventing unity of plan and management, a grand opportunity was lost, at an expense to private individuals and the State that cannot be calculated. Lord Dalhousie never quite forgave the Prime Minister for not supporting him on this occasion, when his policy was clear-sighted and wise, but perhaps too much in advance of the time ; so it was received in Parliament with jealousy, as an interference with competition, and consequently rejected. He was not a pliant man, not solicitous to humour or to please either the great of his own class or the people ; and being in the House of Lords, he was at a great disadvantage in being unable to urge and defend his views in the Commons. To those associated with him at the Board, it was well known how deeply and conscientiously he thought on every point brought before him, how his perseverance in all he undertook was such as never to be overcome by difficulties. His intelligence and high courtesy impressed most favourably the numerous men of business with whom he was brought in contact, and when his health at length broke down, he continued to work during sickness with an endurance almost heroic.

It was the principle of mapping out a system of Trunk Railways constructed by private enterprise, and controlled by Government, which, with an imperial grasp of mind, he carried out in India, bringing to bear on the question a minute and accurate knowledge acquired at home.

He was scarcely a year out of office when Lord John Russell, as Prime Minister, and opposed to him in politics, did him the honour of offering him the Governor-Generalship of India. To an ambitious and ardent statesman it was a great sacrifice to quit England and thus to sever political ties, but after some consideration and a perfectly clear understanding that his fidelity to the party of Sir Robert Peel should not be compromised, he consented to go. India indeed offered to his administrative genius and energy the true field for a career. Although only thirty-five years of age, his were no feeble convictions or unsettled opinions. He felt what a glorious and magnificent use might be made of his opportunities for the good of India and the prosperity of England.

During the eight years of his administration of the country, the greatness and dignity of his charge were ever predominant in his mind, and it is not too much to say that his life was sacrificed to the public service.

His home experience, coupled with his genius for organization and the art of government, began to tell early after his arrival in Calcutta. The administrative machinery was made more accurate and complete. To those around him he seemed enamoured, as it were, of his task; even in that hot and depressing climate the

intellectual exertion which he liked brought relief rather than lassitude, for business seemed not only easy but delightful to him. He went with heart and soul into details, and to the driest subjects he gave vitality. In the conduct of affairs was soon visible his steady and impressive will. Strictness of duty was introduced, and his subordinates were inspired by his earnestness and conscientiousness; the drones of the service were stirred up, and became alarmed, especially in Bengal. All knew how hard he worked himself—hence the devotion, the passionate attachment, of almost all who came within his influence.

His intellectual power was not, however, unbalanced by any activity of heart, and many, no doubt, looked upon him with more of fear than of love; but all coveted his praise, as it stamped deserving merit with the seal of valued recognition. Thus, in bestowing appointments his head never gave way to his heart: he did not think of acts of kindness to individuals, but of the public benefit. In the Punjab especially, he felt that able and energetic men were far more necessary for administrative and political success than the most skilfully-devised laws and institutions. There he not only selected, but really formed able agents, gave them his support, and was never stinted in his acknowledgment of their merits. His high notions of duty and of work, his inexhaustible and indomitable energy, were constantly the subject of remark in Indian society. The Chief Clerk of the Foreign Office was heard to say that if the Governor-General had been a writer paid by the sheet, he would have made a considerable income! Every dispatch, every letter, except of a mere routine character, was sent

to the Office in the original with scarcely an erasure. It was the same in every department, and with all this dispatch there was none of the hurry or affectation of dispatch. He used to devote one day a week to Bengal business while Governor (before the institution of a Lieutenant-Governor), and a retired Secretary who had served under him, and subsequently under more than one Lieutenant-Governor, remarked to me, "One day of Lord Dalhousie is worth six of any other man."

His ambition as a statesman burned with a pure flame. He and Lord Wellesley will perhaps ever remain the most striking personages in the history of British India, for there lay something very spirited and fascinating in the policy and bearing of both—the same forethought governed by precaution, and the same prompt decision, the same vivacity of style and precision of thought. There was an instinct of sovereignty about them both, and they never discarded the state and personal consideration due to their position. I must ever associate together those two small, but dignified and intrepid, men, who were in advance of their party in England, and, perhaps, too far in advance of their age in India. They have, indeed, left the stamp of their minds upon the Government, the recipients of the highest honours, the conquerors of the admiration of their countrymen.

Lord Dalhousie had a lofty self-respect and self-confidence, and a disdain of anything unworthy, like Pitt. When urged to defend his policy, when it was so unscrupulously attacked after the great Sepoy Mutiny, he would not stoop to controversy, but pointed for his



vindication to the records of his Government, where, he stated, were to be found the grounds for every act of his administration. This was the only reply he ever made to those who accused him of imprudence and foolish pride, in having gone too fast and acted beyond the necessities of his epoch. Such was the ignorance of his acts, that the public generally, and 'ninety-nine out of every hundred officials in India, were not aware that he was opposed to the annexation of Oudh, desiring that it should be administered like the native State of Mysore. Yet it is all set forth in the Blue Books of the period, and he was urged—fatally urged—by the Palmerston Ministry to remain another year in India to carry out their policy.

Like another great figure, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Dalhousie was remarkable for his good sense and real sound judgment, the weight and persuasiveness of his arguments, and the depth of his convictions. There was the same directness of purpose, the same prudence and silence in treating passing annoyances, the same solidity and inflexible justice, the same cautious and dispassionate judgment, the same observant and well-balanced mind. No self-regarding influence was dominant in the mind of either, and both were free from the ignominious pride of a fatal consistency. The natives of India soon recognised him as a kingly man, full of will and purpose. In every conjuncture he was himself dominant and self-reliant. His speeches to them were concise and clear, for he never cloaked his thoughts and opinions in ambiguous language. In most affairs he showed his keen, practical insight, breadth of view, and careful study of the

subject, bringing everything to bear upon it that he had ever read.

Of all the members of the Supreme Council not one could approach him in skill and force of argument; in writing, his mind seemed to be overpowered by ideas and words. Sir John Peter Grant alone attempted to wrestle with him. Even his close reasoning and judicial mind were rarely equal to the combat, and never, I believe, gained the victory: in fact, Lord Dalhousie was great in knowing how, in Council, to make other men adopt his views and execute his purposes. Contemporary enmity and old Indian prejudice have passed away, and it will be generally acknowledged that in him were combined the knowledge and wisdom and goodness which form a great statesman, whose acts were ever under the control of religion and virtue.

*Viewed as a Governor of men,* it is very difficult to convey in words a definite image of the great and simple reality of Lord Dalhousie's influence. His very countenance announced him as one of those who are born to direct and subjugate the wills of ordinary mortals. He was endowed with the various faculties by which men either extort or win dominion over their fellow-men—with a certain masculine tenacity of purpose, with patience to await, with promptitude to discern and courage to seize the moment for successful action, and, above all, with justice. Moreover, he acted in troublous times with a step so firm as to indicate a habitual consciousness of power and a knowledge of those acts by which large masses of men are attracted and subdued, his judgment enabling him to distinguish that which was possible and practicable from that which

was visionary and hopeless. His position in 1848, as already stated, was one of unexampled difficulty, and nothing was more remarkable than his immediate influence over the sympathies of all that was sound and good in the European community in India. This sympathetic admiration for his character and talents, for his pluck and industry, continued from the first year of his administration till the last. He did not crave for popularity, but sought to command it, for he was not so much indifferent to fame as assured of it. By some he might be called haughty, but his haughtiness never passed beyond a just contempt for the unworthy and for all that approached to popularity-hunting. He had a fiery, impulsive spirit which, controlled and disciplined, was productive of a harvest of good. He had the faculty of impressing all with whom he came into personal contact. Those most intimate with him accorded to his ability and sagacity something scarcely short of absolute worship, viewing him as the only pretence of a great Governor-General since Wellesley.

Sir James Outram told me that he had had interviews with the Duke of Wellington, with Sir Robert Peel and other leading statesmen in England, but never felt such awe and such a feeling of inferiority as in interviews with Lord Dalhousie, who had ever been most kind to him.

In his dignified, frank way he had the instinct for dealing happily with subordinates, and he always stood firm by them when they merited support. He had a warm sympathy with well-deserved success, and as excellence was his own aim, he allowed none to trifle with the work assigned them. Talent and industry

kindle by contact with each other, and so his example was catching. He had great tact in finding out the fittest public servants to conduct any difficult operations. To reconcile jealousies, to get the best work out of every one, demands great firmness and experience, and these he possessed in a remarkable manner, securing to him the devoted attachment of almost all who served under him. Lord Dalhousie was indeed a man for arduous times, for he inspired other men, and with all his marked decision of character there was no inordinate wilfulness of view. Dignified by conduct and character, in him we could associate the idea of mental elevation with moral worth.

Although, perhaps, wanting in the genial nature which gives sway over equals among statesmen in England, he easily obtained authority, and at once, as already mentioned, took and kept the lead in the Supreme Council ; for besides conciliation of manner and skilful amenity of language, he had all the other qualities which attract and command attention. Yet he was ready for any strife, and never indulged in repose. This singular pre-eminence became marked in every branch of the Government, but it was in Council that the affluence of his mind in all State matters was most observed, and his lofty consciousness of power and ascendancy most marked. All felt that he could not be set aside or passed over with impunity. How prominently he was above the level of his fellow-men the following anecdote will illustrate :—At the first institution of a Legislative Council for Bengal Lord Dalhousie used to preside, and while he was laying down the course of procedure, the Chief Justice of the time, Sir Lawrence



Peel, said to a brother Judge, Sir James Colvile, seated by him: "There is the master, and we are the little boys under him."

Yet although somewhat combative in his nature, and with some quick irritability under opposition, he listened patiently to all that could be said, and then judged calmly what was right and expedient to do, and to do it well. In general, his colleagues in Council acknowledged his frank openness, and the safeness of his well-reasoned judgments: he wielded his acquirements with easy power, seizing important points with firm and dexterous grasp, and with no misleading influences of enthusiasm.

In business he was the most orderly of men; no loose papers were ever seen on his desk; he was so methodical that he never appeared hurried. People with not a twentieth part of his work appear oppressed and pre-occupied. Constant movement in camp never interfered with his habits of regularity. When writing the most important dispatches he seemed indifferent to interruptions even of a trivial kind, such as the receipt of a mere formal telegram, or the aide-de-camp of the day asking for orders. He could at once take up the thread of his subject even when broken off in the midst of a sentence. This habit of concentrated thought on any subject was indeed remarkable. He revolved it in his mind, and having thoroughly examined and thought it out—built it up in fact—committed his views to paper clearly, rapidly, and without an erasure. I have on mail-days constantly seen the sheets pouring in upon the Private Secretary as fast as he was able to make a copy of them. In fact

he composed in his mind before he wrote, and long and important as were many of his dispatches, they were thus written with scarcely a correction. Mr Gladstone envied him this power of mental composition, says Dean Ramsay in his "Pulpit Table-Talk."

All his Minutes give evidence of this clearness of thought and accuracy of expression. There was in him an intuition, a kind of revelation, of the proper thing to be done, and he could enforce this by the most convincing arguments of its propriety, expediency and necessity, forming a vivid and striking portraiture of his policy.

These Minutes and Dispatches will interest and instruct future statesmen, and it is to be greatly regretted that they have not been made accessible in a collected form, but are scattered abroad and hid away in Blue Books. They present not only a comprehensive, but almost invariably an exhaustive survey of each measure proposed and discussed—characterized by great extent of knowledge and imperial grasp of mind. They are also remarkable for the moderation with which he sought to reconcile the most conflicting views, and the forbearance with which he tempered his power of putting the errors of an opponent in an unfavourable light. These weighty but not heavy dispatches, with the judicial character or the style both of thought and expression, were written in English of rare idiomatic purity, although less classical than the more studied productions of Lord Canning. There was a carefully-balanced equilibrium between the word and the thought, showing an unusual power of clear thinking and of clearly expressing the thought.

Another trait was his keen analysis of motive, and the sagacity with which he dissected a variety of statements on a disputed question—picking out what was valuable and trustworthy from huge masses of papers, for Indian officials are, *par excellence*, ready and copious writers. His energy and devotion were given to each subject as it came before him; troublesome questions were never put aside for a more convenient time that would never arrive. Many a Secretary since those days has sighed for a month of Lord Dalhousie to clear off accumulated arrears.

This subject brings to my recollection that his Lordship once told me of a remark made to him by the Duke of Wellington, which was somewhat to the following effect:—“My brother (Lord Wellesley) was so full of his foreign policy when I came on a visit to him in Calcutta, that I found a room full of boxes containing Civil cases in arrear. I asked to be allowed to clear them off, got permission, and did it in a month—yes, all in a month.” Lord Dalhousie added “The Duke was right; his brother was great in foreign affairs, but not great as an administrator.” But in Lord Dalhousie’s administration there was no exclusive attention to one branch, and no fits of lassitude: more vigorous or sustained ability no man possessed. He saw to everything himself. Even in ceremonial matters, such as Durbars, he gave the most precise written orders, and enjoined on his Staff their strict execution.

His astonishing aptitude for all business, and intuitive quickness in mastering details of the most complicated and really technical questions, enabled him to dispose of work in a way incredible to slower men. For years

he had intended to consider the revision and improvement of the Medical Departments of India, but the pressure of other urgent matters prevented his taking up the question till the closing months of his government. It was at Barrackpore, in the cold season of 1855-56, that he wrote his powerful dispatch in which he recommended the abolition of the Medical Boards, the improved status of Medical officers in respect of increased relative rank and fair distribution of honours, and other important changes which have paved the way for the present high position of Medical officers both in the Army and Navy. To the Medical officer who made for the Governor-General a *résumé* of the masses of printed matter on the subject, this dispatch was first submitted, and so thoroughly had the technicalities of the question been understood and grasped, that he could not discover a single error, or suggest a single alteration.

How his commanding intellect gave him a strange power over all who approached him has been already remarked. He had in some respects an intuitive knowledge of character—a rare faculty of penetrating and judging what was in men. Having an instinctive sympathy for lofty aims, he sought out officers of this stamp and gave them his confidence, and many still living will acknowledge the unshrinking ardour which he threw into his exertions to support them. He was indeed a man of heart and conscience as well as head—glad to discover merit, and ready to applaud it.

No Governor-General was ever more conscientious in the distribution of patronage. In general, he judged people with discrimination, and, so far as he could, ability and integrity and services had their reward,



rather than interest or luck. Certainly I cannot recall any instances of injudicious good nature in his appointment, or any partiality for his own countrymen or connections. All officers of spirit and of merit acknowledged his readiness to reward the worthy and to snub the unworthy and conceited. Admiring and acting up to the bold and comprehensive policy of Lord Wellesley, he anxiously and keenly sought out fitting officials for the work—men not afraid of responsibility and never weary of work. Among these stand out prominently the first Lord Lawrence, Sir Arthur Phayre, and the good and gallant Outram, in the three great Provinces added to the Empire—the Punjab, Burma, and Oudh.

In regard to his policy it may be stated that he possessed the rare quality of viewing a subject in all its bearings, before he formed an opinion or drew an inference. His was really no impulsive and ambitious scheme of annexation, as has been imagined, but policy dictated by statesmanlike prudence, and founded on the principle of the improvement and happiness of the people generally—not the mere petting of the chiefs and the corrupt idlers surrounding them. He guarded against the most remote contingencies, and thus appeared to great advantage in everything he undertook. No Governor-General ever exercised more real authority, for with the comprehensive glance of a leader he judged of men and circumstances, and furnished his Residents and Agents with their guiding principles of action. Although at times he chafed under obstacles, he was never daunted by them. His directness of aim and equanimity, his sense of justice

and firmness of purpose, are specially visible in all the demi-official correspondence with his highest subordinates. He had, above all men I have ever known, an unhesitating faith in his own judgment in whatever measure he undertook. Thwarted, controlled, and restrained as he often was by the Home Authorities—especially the Board of Control—he never lost heart or yielded.

Old Indians who were liberal enough to admit that his policy was enlightened and progressive, never failed to add that it was too much in advance of the native mind and education—too great a strain on an Asiatic and conservative people. His mind, like Pitt's, seemed too great for anything but a whole nation, enlightened and informed.

Of *characteristics*, I may mention the exquisite charm of his conversation. He expressed himself with epigrammatic force and point, never being wordy or tedious. He had a powerful fancy and play of whimsical allusion; he had also a keen sense of the ludicrous in persons and things, with a great deal of Scottish humour, making things doubly amusing by his way of saying them through a vein of mocking and grotesque exaggeration.

When travelling he was very companionable and full of playful sallies. These were the lighter and more gentle elements of his nature, and did not impair his genuine dignity. Every one associated with him was impressed by his intellect, in which respect he exceeded one's expectations. He never, however, while in India, admitted to anything approaching to great intimacy or companionship so as to encourage

undue familiarity. He was one with whom it was impossible to take a liberty. All are familiar with the implicit deference he commanded: he was the little man whom every one feared, as was said of Nelson; one felt in his presence a sort of awe, such a feeling as might be excited by the presence of a being of another nature. Yet his manner was, in general, cordial, rarely official. Besides the expression of mental faculty in the face, and look of earnestness and dignity, there was that dangerous curl of the haughty upper lip which can equally express good humour or scorn. By his lips he could be most charmingly courteous or strangely forbidding. When in repose, and especially when gratified, his mouth bore a refined, almost gentle, expression, while his full blue eyes beamed with intelligence and tender sensibility.

It was mainly in the long, compressed upper lip that the spirit and the power and the pride of the man was marked. Like Pitt, he was perhaps too prone to feel and to show disdain; yet his demeanour was generally gracious, and he had, more than any public man I ever saw, the kingly art of inspiring the greatest confidence, of instantly winning people of all classes: it was the dominion which a strong will exerts at pleasure over feebler ones. He seemed at times to be pleased and gratified by the admiration and the fear he alternately excited: thus his praise was anxiously looked for, his censure deeply felt.

*His voice* had a full, penetrating character, and in public it sent a thrill that shot like lightning through the frame and stirred the spirit: the just modulation of his words was also beautiful in execution. He did

not conceal his dislike to speak in public, and the occasions on which he did speak were rare and of great moment. There was, however, in him no unreadiness of speech, when called upon by great duties for immediate self-assertion. By a felicity of memory, very rare, he could while speaking recall any fitting quotation or case in point.

*Handwriting.*—His clear, resolute, and straight handwriting was distinguishable and marked among a thousand. It never gave evidence of haste, but symbolised his energy and concentration in the work before him, the quickness of hand keeping pace with the quickness of thought. When interrupted in the midst of his writing it did not annoy him, for he could take up the thread of a subject at the point where he had laid it down, without any flutter or delay.

*Memory.*—His memory was so retentive that, in writing a despatch, not a subject came before him without his summoning up the appropriate and illustrative image. In addition to this, he had a marvellous power of abstraction and concentration to arrange and elaborate in his mind the results he arrived at, after reading the numerous reports sent in by various officers on some large question for decision. He delighted, indeed, to grapple with the main body of a great subject, and although he had entire confidence in his own judgment, he heard patiently any doubts or objections urged by others. In connection with this strength of memory, I find a note which was made, I believe, by Dean Ramsay:—“When a candidate for East Lothian, as Lord Ramsay, he composed in his head, at Colstoun, an elaborate speech, which he first delivered at



Haddington, and then corrected the report which had been taken down, so as to make it a verbatim report."

*Age on Appointment.*—Lord Dalhousie was the youngest Governor-General who ever ruled India, being only thirty-five when he accepted the appointment in 1847—younger even than the Marquis Wellesley, who was thirty-seven. On this momentous occasion he wrote to a much-respected aunt to tell her the news, and she replied in this pithy and candid way :

"MY DEAR JAMES,—I received your letter on your appointment, and although I cannot think you fit for it, I nevertheless send you my congratulations."

*His Tenderness and Domestic Affections.*—Occasions often occurred that gave evidence of his being exquisitely alive to the pains and enjoyments of life, and of his responding, with almost womanly tenderness, to every affectionate and kindly feeling, although this sensibility never impaired his rigour or his sense of duty. In sending me the letters which announced the fatal termination of Colonel Mountain's attack of fever, his note consisted of but two impressive words—"Alas! Alas!" On the arrival of the tidings of Sir Robert Peel's death he shed tears, although he did not love Peel.

I shall touch but slightly on the depth of his domestic affections and the purity of his private life—how he was beloved in his own family, by his servants and his neighbours. To her who had inspired the love of his early youth he was ever faithful and devoted: neither care, anxiety, nor ill-health could deaden the affections of his heart. The appalling suddenness with which the intelligence of her death reached him was a most crushing blow; but in work, harder and more

continuous work, he drowned his sorrow, and found his only relief.

To his daughters his love was unbounded. The elder came to solace and to cheer his last year in India, and the younger, Lady Edith Ferguson, gave birth to his first grandchild in the last year of his life.

*The Personal Staff.*—Birth, rank, relationship, were certainly no recommendations for his Staff. The appointments were always very equally divided between the Royal and the Local Services. There never was a more happy circle, in respect of that harmony which is so essential for the comfort and enjoyment of all. There was a deep, but not familiar, affection for his lordship, and all were sensible of his interest in them and consideration for them. Conversation at table was general and open, merely avoiding political questions of the day. Undress was always worn, unless on great occasions. He never wounded one's self-respect, and this arose from his naturally kind and good taste. His power of attaching those under him was felt to the last among the survivors of those about his person.

*Religion.*—In regard to his religious principles, it may be said that they formed part of himself, he being more apt to think and to act than to talk. But he maintained no reserve on his belief and study of Holy Writ. Morning and evening he read the Scriptures. On the only occasion I ever heard him administer reproof to a lady, it was for some slighting remark at table on the Bible. His was no lip-service. Satisfied of

the truth of Christianity, his belief was one essentially of reason and faith, being less professed than enacted. He had no cant or fanaticism, for with him showy piety was a mockery of real devotion. He looked to the inner life that is seen only by the inner man himself, and by Him who searcheth the heart. He desired every one to believe according to his conscience. He gloried not for a present but for an immortal recompense, as one who felt the fearful responsibility of his high destiny, and ever reverently acquiesced in God's will. In this respect I have known no character of stronger structure in so feeble a frame. His life was as upright as his intellect was commanding, and his public aims were untainted by selfishness. He could, moreover, be unalterably just when duty required him to be stern.

To clergymen of all denominations he was courteous and friendly. As Governor-General, he felt it to be his duty to attend the Church of England services; but when he had ceased to be chief of the State, he went in his private capacity to the Scots Church on his last Sunday in Calcutta, 24th February 1856. Some still alive may remember how, enfeebled by illness, he was carried in a chair to the official seat in the gallery, and he was greatly pleased that the chaplain, Mr Herdman, made no allusion to his presence there, even indirectly. With Bishop Wilson, the Metropolitan of India, he acted in cordial concert. He used to say of that venerable, but somewhat eccentric, prelate, that he was one of the best men of business with whom he had to transact affairs: his papers were always in order and his views clear,

but when he had a point to gain, his astuteness had to be watched!

Lord Dalhousie had been long the intimate friend of Dr Chalmers, and was an elder of the Church of Scotland at the time of the Disruption in 1843. On the morning of that fatal day, he long and anxiously discussed the subject with his great and influential friend, and left him under the full impression that he was not to force on the separation. He was therefore astounded when Chalmers rose in the Assembly and proclaimed his resolution. Without a moment's hesitation Lord Dalhousie entered his protest, proclaiming, in a memorable speech, that on that day the knell of the Established Church of Scotland had rung.

*Weaknesses.*—In him there was nothing eccentric or angular. He was methodical and exact; his mind was well balanced on a basis of good sense. Although he could be terse and sarcastic in writing, he kept the talent in check. There was not a trace of mock heroism or false grandeur about him. His bearing had a tinge of lofty, yet gracious, mannerism, and there was perhaps a tone of intellectual arrogance in his wide and lucid intellect, but no trace of empty vanity or of self-exaggerated capacity. If hurt or annoyed he let it be seen, but in general he was master of his temper and could conquer himself. His temper, indeed, was not so hasty as it was imperious; it was wonderfully kept in check by what some would call Scottish caution, but really by natural dignity and courtesy. Owing to his natural quietness of temperament he always administered reproof in writing, for with pen in hand



he was calm and cool. On the whole, he was magnanimous for a man who had no politic obtuseness to offence. Many, however, said that he had more skill in reading the signs of the times than in reading the characters of men, but it was not so.

One who had been personally and closely associated with him in office, both in England and in India, thought him too deficient in the art of conciliation to be fitted for the office of Premier, to which his early career seemed to point. Like the great Commoner, William Pitt, he would have reduced all the rest of the Cabinet to mere cyphers by his talent and activity of mind. It must be confessed that he liked to be surrounded by a general atmosphere of deference: homage, even, was not unpleasant to him. He may also have been a little too sensitive of the dignity of his position, seeing it was so well assured. There was, however, the smallest amount of ceremony in the life of the household. There was no full-dress uniform as in times very recent. Even in Lord Auckland's time, no one in camp was allowed on the march to precede the Governor-General. No such irksome formality was required during Lord Dalhousie's long reign. Of the family from which he sprang he was justly proud, and the old castle by the Esk he dearly loved, devoting much of his means and time to its fitting restoration during the closing years of his life. The tenacity of purpose and strength of will that marked many of his ancestors were born with him.

It is undoubted that he had a habitual dread of being supposed to be influenced or guided by the advice of others. The Secretaries used to remark the

care with which he would erase any of their marginal pencil notes on a dispatch. This was a pardonable weakness in one who really thought for himself, and ever acted on his own resolutions. It was not in his nature to require or endure leading-strings. He did perhaps carry his personal interference too far, and thus added to his work; but he never thereby neglected great matters. All letters, except those of the most formal character, were drafted by himself. He loved to rule, as every one must who has the power of ruling. The force of his will was, as it were, long after felt in the Services throughout the length and breadth of India. Opportunities came, and he was not without ambition to transmit an enlarged Empire, to round off the territory, and bring conquest to a close. This required his self-relying and not communicative nature, instead of the amiable weakness of being led by favourite friends. In fine, he had merit enough to deserve both friends and enemies, merit enough to throw weaknesses into the shade.

*Politics.*—His political principles were more enlightened and liberal than those of many of his party. I have heard him remark, in reference to political warfare and official bungling in England during the Crimean crisis, “Well might the people be dissatisfied with their aristocratic rulers.” A Liberal-Conservative he was in the fullest and best sense of the term. He looked to the spirit and the circumstances of the age. But he was more a statesman than a politician, and more than either he was, I believe, in heart a soldier. I heard him once say that he would be

more proud to command the 42nd Highlanders than to be Governor-General of India!

*His capacity of rousing* capacity in others was very remarkable. But for this power of awakening the enthusiasm and attachment of his followers, the administrative pace of the time could not have been kept up. He had a strong sense of duty, whether due from himself to others or from others to himself. In drawing forth the utmost energies of his subordinates, he was, with the large spirit and generous temperament of the statesman, full but not lavish of his encouragement and praise when well deserved. Solid thinking and hard work never passed unobserved, and nothing really connected with business was too insignificant for his attention. On the other hand, it was rare with him to condone faults. His strong will would control abuses whenever they appeared, and thus he made enemies by the courage of his opinions, and by the punishment of inefficiency and dishonesty. He esteemed and valued men for such abilities as helped on the policy of his administration; hence their devotion to a master to whom they looked up.

*Queen Victoria.*—His devotion to the Queen was unbounded, and he put the highest value on her approbation. Nothing so cheered and encouraged him in his public labours or private sorrows as one of the Queen's gracious and sympathising letters. Her calmness at the Coronation was striking; the only emotion she showed was when old Lord Rollo fell down in his effort to walk backwards; she rose to assist him, and there was an immediate cheer.

On the Queen's first visit to Scotland, while staying at Dalkeith Palace, she drove one day unexpectedly to Dalhousie Castle. Lord Dalhousie was sitting in the grounds, and, as he said, "pitching pebbles into the Esk," when a servant came running to announce Her Majesty. Lord Dalhousie was soon by her side, and with his ready tact welcomed her, saying that the last sovereign of England who visited the Castle had remained outside for weeks and never gained admission. This was an allusion to a siege by Henry IV., the last English sovereign who personally conducted an attack on Scotland.

It greatly gratified the Governor-General that it fell to his lot to send to the Queen the "Koh-i-Noor," for in the Punjab there was an oft-quoted saying of the great Runjit Singh—"Whoever holds the Koh-i-Noor will always be conqueror."

*The Duke of Wellington.*—Next to the Queen, Lord Dalhousie's devotion to and friendship for the Duke of Wellington was an abiding and exalting feeling. He often spoke of His Grace with admiration, and could tell many anecdotes that were very characteristic. When about to proceed to India, he begged the Duke to recommend for the personal Staff any young officer in whom he felt an interest. The reply was: "I would as soon recommend for a man a wife as an A.D.C." He did, however, mention the name of a young relative, who was duly appointed.<sup>1</sup>

When a Conservative Government was formed, the

<sup>1</sup> The Honourable Captain Fane, afterwards Earl of Westmoreland.



Duke said: "Peel has no manners, and I have no small-talk; how, then, can we get on at Court?"

It was remarked by Lord Dalhousie that nothing short of a great victory or a great reverse was sufficient to create in English Society even a transient interest in the affairs of India. When the news of the bloody action of Ferozshuhr arrived, there was great consternation in the Ministry; at best it was a drawn battle. Sir Robert Peel was much affected at the Council taking a most gloomy view, when the Duke, lighting up, said: "Make it a victory; fire a salute and ring the bells"; and so it was ordered and done. On this occasion the Duke said: "You must lose officers and men if you have great battles. At Assaye I lost a third of my force." His policy was a true one.

At another meeting of Ministers, when relations with France were very strained, the war party being in the ascendant, the Duke was silent and out of spirits. Mr Goulbourn noticed this, and, pointing to a Blue Book on the Factory Bill in his hand, remarked that, "I have here an examination that would interest Your Grace." He went on to read out the examination of a little boy, whose knowledge of geography was being tested. The boy had been asked various questions about France—where Paris was situate and such like, in all of which he failed, and, becoming rather crusty, he growled out, "I know nothing about it; but I know this, that one Englishman can lick three Frenchmen." The Duke laughed

heartily, and patting the book as if it had been the urchin's head, said: "Very good boy indeed—very good boy; send him to Paris. Do a d——d deal of good!"

Lord Dalhousie succeeded the Duke as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. He said he would feel it almost a presumption to enter and take possession of the Duke's room at Walmer Castle. Pitt's room was the most gloomy one there, with one window only, and that looking on a bastion and an old gun. Here he used to work, free from distraction. It remained in the same condition as he left it in till about 1842, when the Queen went to Walmer for change of air. The Clerk of the Works preceded her, and partitioned off and papered Pitt's room in a very tawdry fashion, at which the Duke swore lustily. When the Queen went to Strathfieldsaye this same Clerk of the Works preceded Her Majesty; but the Duke was beforehand with him, and ordered him off sharp. No alterations were made, and the Duke said: "I just got a few tables and a harpsichord, and I asked the neighbours to meet her." Her Majesty was much pleased with this—being something out of the routine of grand preparations and grand guests.

At one of the Ministerial dinners, at the opening of the session, when the Queen's Speech was read, at Apsley House, the Duke and Lord Lyndhurst sat together. The latter said: "How wonderfully, Duke, you managed your Commissariat in your Indian campaigns; how did you do it?" "Oh, quite

easy when you know it," was the quick and brief reply.

*Lord Canning.*—Lord Dalhousie was exceedingly gratified when he heard that Lord Canning was to be his successor, and the rule of that estimable nobleman justified this favourable opinion. He was a gentleman in the true sense of the word; as Viceroy not only clement, but regal in showing forgiveness and mercy, and allowing injurious acts to be allayed by magnanimity. Never did he throw out a hint that the policy of his predecessor was the cause of the Mutiny and all the difficulties of the Empire. There was in him a rare freedom from pretension—arrogating to himself no praise, and never showing anger or impatience incommensurate with the occasion of it. A cultivated man, of patient thought and perseverance, of most impartial yet inflexible mind, his great defect was want of decision in time of emergency; but this irresolution and vacillation were undoubtedly the result of high conscientiousness, of almost morbid scruples, which on some occasions during the Mutiny were extremely perilous. The strength of his character and of his true devotion to his work was best seen on the establishment of order, and in his dealing generously with the Native Chiefs.

When he proceeded officially to open the section of the East Indian Railway to Rajmahal, on the great Ganges, he made in his speech generous and pathetic allusion to his dying predecessor; and when this speech was read to Lord Dalhousie by his daughter, he turned



LORD CANNING IN 1857.

[To face page 172.]





to her and said with emotion : " Susan, Canning<sup>1</sup> is a gentleman ! "

*Oudh.*—At one time there were two fallacies very prevalent in the public mind, which I fear have not quite died out, viz. : That the annexation of Oudh was the cause of the Mutiny, and that this annexation was the act of Lord Dalhousie.

I believe it is now generally acknowledged that the greased cartridges panic was really the exciting cause of the outbreak, and any one who takes the trouble to examine the Oudh Papers will find that Lord Dalhousie's advice was to assume and conduct the Government of Oudh in the same manner as the Mysore State was then so successfully administered for the interests of the people. It was the Home Government who insisted on the policy of annexation, and to carry out these orders the Governor-General consented to remain another year in India. This sacrifice to duty was made, it may well be said, at the sacrifice of his life, for so enfeebled was his condition that his medical advisers made an earnest protest, and took the unusual step of placing it on record, so seriously was the responsibility felt.

<sup>1</sup> At the Railway Banquet on the 15th October 1860, his Excellency, Lord Canning, craved permission to propose a toast not on the programme. He said : " I invite you to drink to the health of one who, if by a stroke of the wand absent friends could be summoned here, would assuredly not be wanting on the present occasion, and whose name calls for early notice from us—the health of my noble friend, the Marquis of Dalhousie. Lord Dalhousie nursed the East Indian Railway in its infancy, and guided it through its first difficulties, and I know that he continues to watch with interest every mile of its progress. It would be ungrateful if

It is interesting to view the letters<sup>1</sup> in the light of future events, when, two years afterwards, Lord Dalhousie, writing to me from Malta, on hearing of my own health breaking down, says :—

Beware, my good friend, how you follow my stupid example, and do not remain in India when your health requires you to leave it, either from a sense of supposed duty or from any other motive. I have paid heavily for doing so, and believe now that I shall continue to pay to the end of my life. I should be glad to warn you off a similar fate.

29th April 1858.

*The Estimate of Posterity.*—Lord Dalhousie was neither insensible to censure nor indifferent to praise, but he knew that in a time of adversity it relieved the public mind to have some individual upon whom to charge its disasters, and he was content to be for the day that individual. There was a moral elevation in the man that despised present popularity. In all his work he thought more of posterity than of the present, and with years his will be an augmenting greatness. In every crisis his strength of will and unrivalled activity of mind created confidence, and to such a degree, that in every subsequent crisis the oft-repeated exclamation has been, “ Oh, that Dalhousie were here ! ”

The Mutiny was a period of bitterness to him. During and after it he remained silent under abuse, now, or at any future rejoicing on behalf of the East Indian Railway Company, the name of Lord Dalhousie were forgotten. I should be very glad if I could add that the wishing health to Lord Dalhousie is a mere form. It is by no means so. He is, I grieve to say, very far from having regained the health which he sacrificed in the course of many years of devotion to the service of India.”

<sup>1</sup> See page 119.

trusting surely to the coming of the time when his motives and actions would be better understood and better appreciated by the public. In reply to all friends who urged him to meet the attacks made upon him, he merely said that his minutes and dispatches record the grounds for every act of his Government, and that the historian of India would yet deal liberally and equitably with him. Moreover, he felt that he had commanded success by his noble estimate of duty in its influence for good on the Service generally, and he was content to remain silent. The first newspaper in India which had the courage and the sense of justice to defend him was *The Friend of India*, and I will here mention an incident that deserves to live. From its editor, Mr Meredith Townsend, I received a note, dated 4th November 1857 :

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot resist the inclination to enable you to give Lord Dalhousie a great pleasure. The enclosed note is from a civilian who *was not* one of his following. It will show at least the intense sympathy and respect for him still existing in India. The article alluded to, is the one on Lord Dalhousie.

The following was the enclosure :

*To the Editor of The Friend of India.*

SIR,—I have just read the first article in your paper of the 29th. Money to the writer of that must be dirt, but I take the liberty of enclosing you a draft for 500 rupees, in the hope that by its application to some good object which you know to require aid, you may receive a portion of such pleasure as the perusal of your article has given me.

The signature to that note was George Yule,



Commissioner of Bhagulpore. He was then plain Mr Yule, but rose to the Supreme Council, and became Sir George Yule, K.C.I.—one of the ablest and most worthy men of the grand old Civil Service. During the Mutiny he converted his house at Bhagulpore into a hospital for the sick European soldiers, and was ever remarkable for generosity and kindness. He was brother of Colonel Sir Henry Yule, C.B., long a distinguished member of the Secretary of State's Council.

That article in *The Friend of India* may be said to have been the beginning of a reaction in favour of Lord Dalhousie, and as the clouds cleared away more just views prevailed.

*The Departure.*—The last days in Calcutta were very exhausting. On 26th February he remarked to me: "It is well that there are only twenty-nine days in this month; I could not have held out two more."

On the 28th he took farewell of his Council. Mr Dorin, the Senior Member, spoke admirably and feelingly, saying that not one angry word had ever passed there. On the next day Lord Canning arrived, and his shy, and even awkward, manner was a singular contrast to that of the dignified little man who, in full uniform and supported by crutches, received him at the top of the grand flight of steps, as the custom is.

In the Biography of Sir Henry Lawrence it is said he quitted India without a friend. Strange assertion! I shall never forget the depth and amount of emotion on the day of his leaving Calcutta. I could enumerate many instances of the strong feeling of

affection for him, and admiration of his worth and genius. Witness the Addresses from the Freemasons and the Indigo Planters: the farewell and embarkation on the 6th, when he shook hands with everybody. At the Ghaut the leave-taking was more affecting still, the ladies in tears and strong men looking pale. Next day his Lordship remarked to me, with his eyes full: "Yesterday's ceremony was as sad as my funeral could be." The gay appearance of the flag-decked ships and the cheers of the sailors gave us a little heart. Charles D'Oyly was so affected that he fell into my arms.

*A Statue in Scotland.*—That Edinburgh presents us with no statue of Lord Dalhousie has often struck me as an example of the uncertain commemoration of our greatest men. I have heard that his friend, the late Duke of Buccleuch, was anxious to take the matter in hand, but met with no sufficient encouragement, for the storm of calumny and obloquy that followed the Mutiny had not then subsided.<sup>1</sup> Lord Dalhousie himself was calm under disparagement, and never protested against the misconception and misrepresentation of which he was the victim. I do not despair of his presentment in this noble attitude to the eyes of the youth of his native country, shadowing forth the god-like gift of genius and great public services, and showing

<sup>1</sup> Sir Algernon West, K.C.B., in his "Recollections 1832 to 1886," writes: "The late Lord Dalhousie, for whom Mr Gladstone entertained a great affection, said to me that he had done infinite harm to him and his contemporaries by establishing a level so high as to make it impossible of attainment; yet I am sure he was the last man who would have wished 'to pare the mountain to the plain.'"

there is no real greatness but that which has virtue for its basis.

In him were the exceptional degrees of excellence to which the world pays homage, and before which free men should bow; for the enduring lustre of his administration must ever influence the destinies of the vast Empire of India, and ought to make Scotsmen proud of him who was its real founder.

When in Edinburgh, during September 1890, I visited the National Portrait Gallery, and rejoiced to see there a replica of the statue of Lord Dalhousie by Sir John Steell.<sup>1</sup> It is admirable in its dignified bearing and refined, intellectual look.

*March 1891.*

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<sup>1</sup> The marble statue is in the Dalhousie Institute, built in 1865 on the south side of Dalhousie Square, Calcutta, "to contain within its walls statues and busts of great men." Among these are Chantrey's statue of the Marquess of Hastings, and busts of Havelock, Neill, Outram, and John Nicholson. Mr John M. Gray, F.S.A., late Curator of the Edinburgh Gallery, thus describes Dalhousie's statue :

"Full length, standing with his right foot advanced, body turned to right, face slightly to left. Keen face, with rather aquiline nose, delicate mouth, and heavy whiskers on cheeks, small standing collar, plain neckerchief, long cloak over shoulders and hanging down behind; morning coat with Star of the Thistle on its left breast, beneath which a ribbon crosses his left shoulder. His left hand holds open a roll of paper, to which the index finger of his right is pointing. Plaster, height 80 inches. Purchased for the Gallery, November 1886."

## CHAPTER X

### CORRESPONDENCE AND INFLUENCE.

ALEXANDER GRANT resigned the Bengal Medical Service in 1863. After a brief residence in Hampstead, he sought the recovery of health by two years of travel in Italy and the sunnier parts of Europe and of England. In 1868 he settled down in London. From that time till the close of his life in January 1900, the house, No. 3 Connaught Square, Hyde Park, presided over by his devoted and still surviving sister, was a centre of attraction to his many friends and others who sought his advice and assistance in public and professional questions. With his occupancy of that house his *Autobiography* ends, as on page 105. But his quiet activities were manifold throughout the subsequent thirty-two years. Unhappily, few of his letters to his friends have survived him, and these are generally of too professional a character for publication. But the following communications to himself seem to possess more than a personal interest.

Mrs Ellerton was a frequent correspondent and visitor at Government House, Calcutta, during Lord Dalhousie's administration. Grant characterised her afterwards as the good and wonderful old lady who had seen the first and lived to know the last Governor-General of the East India Company. When ten years



old she saw Sir Philip Francis carried home wounded after the duel with Warren Hastings, fought at what is now the west entrance of Belvedere, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. When hardly sixteen she was married to her first husband; her second was the Mr Ellerton, Malda indigo-planter, who opened the first Bengali school, and made the earliest attempt to translate the Bible into Bengali. Her daughter became the wife of Corrie, the first Bishop of Madras. Mrs Ellerton spent her later years in Bishop Daniel Wilson's palace, Calcutta, as his honoured guest.

*From Hannah Ellerton.*

14 CHOWRINGHEE ROAD, CALCUTTA,  
4th August 1852.

MY DEAR MR GRANT,—Your kind letter of the 17th ult. gave me much pleasure, and I was truly glad to hear that Lady Dalhousie was so much better, after all the discomforts she had encountered; for I think you have had a good many to contend with. From all I have heard, at different times, I could never fancy it a pleasant place for an invalid, and were I necessitated to try a change, I would choose the Nilgherries, where you can ascend without danger of passing through a terai, and where there is not only a fine climate but good houses and food. However, I do not expect I shall require any earthly change, and only desire to be prepared for that which will endure for ever. I have been wonderfully well of late, beyond all I could have expected or hoped for, and can go about with ease and comfort; though the complaint, now and then, gives me a little pain, and causes weakness and numbness in my left arm and hand, yet I am allowed to use the right one with perfect ease.

It will give me heartfelt pleasure to see her ladyship return to Calcutta with renewed health and increased strength, and the pleasure of her return will be two-fold—first, on her own account, and then for my poor orphans, to whom I think she will prove a friend and mother. Her ladyship's kind and annual donation was duly received, for which I feel most grateful. We have lately had a fancy sale at the Town Hall, for the benefit of Native Female Education, and I was allowed *one* table for the Orphan Asylum—for which I have been working very hard these last two months, assisted by several young friends and my clever European maid—and realised about eight hundred rupees for our share. I feel very thankful to God for blessing my endeavours with success. While it pleases my Heavenly Father to spare me here, I would prefer *working out* to *rusting out*—but in this, as in all things, I desire to submit my will to His, knowing, by long experience, that His is best. Working is *pleasantest* to human nature, but *submission* to His will, under weakness and inability, glorifies Him more, for, as Milton says:

“They also serve who only stand and wait.”

I thank you for your lovely description of Nuwara Eliya, and I now feel better acquainted with it than before. I should judge, by your cheerful letter, that you were in good health, and most sincerely wish that blessing may be long continued to you; for I know, by thankful experience, what a sweetness of life it is, under the various trials to which we are subject in this world.

And now I must think of relieving you from this long visit, or epistle, but first tell you that my dear Jackson continues in excellent health, and desires his kindest regards, in which his old aunt most cordially unites, to you; and with every good wish that heart can suggest,—Believe me, yours very sincerely, and much obliged,

HANNAH ELLERTON.

Kindly offer to Lady Dalhousie my most grateful

remembrances. The Poor Asylum goes on prosperously, and the children are all in excellent health; not one in hospital.

BISHOP'S PALACE, CALCUTTA,  
8th August 1855.

MY DEAR MR GRANT,—Your kind letter of the 19th ult. gave me much pleasure, and I am truly glad to hear so good an account of yourself and all your party. I feel greatly obliged to you for bringing the little matter of the subscription to his lordship's notice, for I not only received the subscription but a most kind and soothing letter from his lordship, with a condescending message from dear Lady Susan. Major Banks has been here, and is gone away again; his visit is wrapped up in mystery. Mrs Peacock has seen him, and told me he looked very well. Your friends have indeed been making the most of their time, and I earnestly hope that your turn to do so may not be far off, and when it does occur I trust that you will be supremely blessed. I am gaining strength very slowly, and still troubled with rheumatic pains about my head, neck, and shoulders, but they are bearable, and I cannot expect to be quite free from some sort of ailment now. Dr Webb told the Bishop that I should *never* again be the woman I was four months ago. You will be pleased to hear that I am most comfortably located. The dear Bishop is as kind as a brother, and we have a most amiable family in the house—the Rev. Mr and Mrs Blomfield, with their lovely family of four children. His lordship, the Bishop, spends about one-third of every month at his country house at Serampore, and this seems to recruit him and set him up for work. I am sorry to add that he has been ailing lately, but is better, and going up to Serampore to-morrow for ten or twelve days.

The last hot season has proved a very trying one to many. I feel quite glad that dear Lady Susan escaped it. I should like to see her sweet face once more;

there is something so artless and so winning about her, that she twined about my old heart at once just as my much loved Mrs Forbes did several years ago. My dear Jackson saw my beloved friend landed safe and well at Southampton, where she was received by her son and two old friends, Captain and Mrs Engledue. In one of her letters she says she is glad that she underwent all the fatigues and troubles of the sea voyage, under her circumstances, as it seemed to be the only thing her dying husband could enjoy. He always enjoyed the sea, and a chair on deck seemed always to gratify him; he knew he was dying, and he contemplated his burial at sea as a glorious one. He so far recovered his strength that he was able to walk up and down the deck with a friend the afternoon before his death. She was near dying twice, once near Ceylon and again at Cairo.

You have heard how happy my dearest Jackson is, and his happiness has tended to cheer me much, and gladdened my poor aching heart. He has described his house, and speaks of a very pleasant room, with a southern aspect and a beautiful prospect, which he wishes I had occupied; but I think I am where God has graciously fixed the bounds of my habitation, and where I may wait my appointed time with patience.

We are hoping to see the dear Dealtrys,<sup>1</sup> next October. If you see Mrs D—— will you give my best and kindest love to her? Poor Dr Nicolson holds on, and it seems to me that his good sister-in-law is the prop of his life. Mr Charles Prinsep was seized in the same way, but was sent away a month ago, with no hope of recovery, or, indeed, of life. With very many good wishes and kindest regards,—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

HANNAH ELLERTON.

My dear friends the Browns at Bhagulpore have been in great peril, but troops have reached them, and

<sup>1</sup> Dr Dealtry succeeded Corrie as second Bishop of Madras.



they will be able to face their enemies. Mr Pratt (Archdeacon) was quite well when he reached England.

From the Sanitaria of the Nilgherry Hills Grant wrote thus to his sister, who soon after became his constant companion :—

OOTACAMUND, NILGHERRIES,  
23rd March 1855.

MY DEAR ANNIE,—Here I am at the summit of the Blue Mountains of Southern India, enjoying its cool breezes—a snug fire and an occasional revel in strawberries and cream ; such a luxury as it was after nearly fifteen years' absence from home. I am greatly pleased with this place, and prefer its climate and its scenery to that of Simla.

We left Calcutta on the 14th February. It was then becoming very hot, and I was glad to get away, for my side began to bother me, and I was as stiff as an old screwed horse from rheumatism. We had a fortnight's pleasant sailing—looked in at Trincomalee, and spent a day there examining its beautiful bay and harbour, then proceeded on to Galle, where we were so fortunate as to meet the steamer from England, and receive letters and news. Our route was now along the Malabar coast to Calicut, where we arrived on the 28th. It is a poor place now, but it is interesting as the port where Vasco da Gama first landed, and as having given a name to calico. We spent but one day on shore, starting on our journey to the hills the same evening. Our first stage of 36 miles was by water and in canoes. I had one so small that I could barely lie down in it, and I dare not stand up in case of capsizing it. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the scene a very novel one. The crew, a set of wild Moplahs, chanting their war songs, kept me awake, and I could enjoy the rich tropical scenery of the Beypore river. Our further progress was entirely by land. I rode the whole way, but Lord Dalhousie was too weak to venture on

horseback, and was therefore carried in a *munchedal*, a sort of hammock slung from a pole, and borne by six men. The change from the extreme heat of the plains to the cold of the hills was sudden and trying, and we all suffered from colds, but a few days' rest and the comforts of a house soon put us to rights again.

Captain D'Oyly and myself have a very good house together with a pretty flower garden in front, and altogether very like a cottage at home. But I am not to enjoy my cottage long, for the climate here is too cold for the Governor-General, and he is obliged to move to a milder place about 17 miles from this. His lordship is still a great sufferer; had his health been better I have no doubt he would have gone home and been at the head of the Ministry. England greatly stands in need of his vast abilities, his vigour and excellent judgment, but I fear he will never be able to take an active part in home politics in consequence of his feeble constitution.

Lady Susan Ramsay is a charming person, so good and unaffected, and so devoted to her father. She is only eighteen, very pretty and very clever, but very delicate, I am sorry to say.

COONOR, 18th May 1855.

We all like these hills very much—the climate is much superior to that of Simla, and suits me exactly. Lord Dalhousie's health has slightly improved, and I hope may improve more; but I do not expect much relief to my anxiety on his account until I see him clear of India. We lead a very unsettled wandering life, moving from one station to another as a change may be required. At Ootacamund, which is the highest of the three Sanitaria here, the weather is much too cold for his lordship. At Kotagherry it is milder, and we have been there for nearly two months. Yesterday only we arrived at this place, where another residence has been procured; it is the mildest of the three, and by far the

prettiest. The air is very soft and genial, like the finest summer weather at home. Peaches, oranges, and grapes grow in the open air, and the flora is most luxuriant. I am already so much of an old Indian as to prefer this moderate temperature to a colder climate—wet and cold always disagree with me; I am miserable, and have neither appetite nor digestion, and I often fear that North Britain may not agree with me for a long continuance. Here I walk much or ride a little pony—very like a Hieland sheltie—but I have not time to make excursions or go out sporting, an exercise I have not known since I was in China. Our life here is a very retired one—only Lord Dalhousie, his daughter, one A.D.C., and myself; no guests or parties, for quiet is absolutely necessary for his lordship.

You will have seen William's old friend, Geo. Macandrew,<sup>1</sup> who will tell you that he saw me lately. I was not looking rosy just at the time, but I am in much better case now, although the plaguy grey hairs are getting more and more numerous, and the others small by degrees and beautifully less. But it does not matter much, as I am destined to be an old bachelor, and you won't object to my mounting a wig.

KOTAGHERRY, 17th July 1855.

We are living in great retirement at this little lonely place which contains but one resident—an old Scottish gentleman retired from the Service, with his wife and his daughter, an old maid. I greatly enjoy the quietness, which is suited to my habits and inclinations. I take frequent lonely walks among the hills, and spend the day in reading or writing. Lord Dalhousie is charmed with this place, and his sweet daughter likes it also. Her uncle, Lord Wm. Hay,<sup>2</sup> has just arrived on a visit for some months, and that will enliven us a little.

<sup>1</sup> From Inverness.

<sup>2</sup> Now Tenth Marquess of Tweeddale.







BARRACKPORE PARK, one of the Governor-General's Bungalows.

[To face page 187.]

Of all Grant's correspondents, Dalhousie's elder daughter, Lady Susan Ramsay, was the brightest and the most constant. She loved him as a father and a friend. When on Lady Dalhousie's unexpected death she joined her disconsolate father in India, after enjoying with her sister, Lady Edith, the training of her kinsman, Dean Ramsay, in Edinburgh, she was still under twenty. As Grant describes it, she brought all her beauty and brightness to cheer her desolate father, and she was his inseparable companion till his last hour. She loved India and the people of India. She never ceased to look back on the two happy years of her life at Calcutta and Barrackpore with fond remembrance. Grant's influence was felt by her, and by the whole staff of the great Governor-General, as elevating and as uniting them all in a close family relationship. Their respect and affection for her were second only to their and his devotion to Lord Dalhousie himself.

Simla has changed many things in India since the old times of the East India Company, and of Lord Canning, the first Viceroy as well as Governor-General. But to this day the Barrackpore Park and the country house, which Lord Minto built and Lord Hastings enlarged, on the noble Hoogli River, just opposite Serampore College, attract every Viceroy during the cold season, as a paradise in which to escape for one day in the week from the toils and the bustle of Calcutta. Lady Canning loved the place, and there her dust rests on the river bank, where she was wont to sketch and to write. The illustration shows one of the staff bungalows in which Grant spent his happiest hours close to the official residence of the Governor-General.

*From Lady Susan Ramsay.*

GRANTON HOTEL, 25th July 1856.

MY DEAR MR GRANT,—You have no idea how much I felt parting with you, and how much you were missed after your departure. Besides my feelings of great personal friendship for you, I then realised that our domestic circle, which I think was a very harmonious and happy domestic circle, was quite broken up, and that the Indian part of my life had really come to an end. I am very grateful to you for all your kind wishes on my behalf, and now I must thank you once more for your constant kindness and attention to me, while we lived under the same roof. I shall not forget it, and I assure you that I am very proud of your feelings of affection for me. I am more proud of the idea that your lives were made the happier by the appearance of my small person in Government House than of anything else, far prouder than I could ever be of any amount of ball-room admiration—for it might have been the other way.

Oh how I wish you had been with me when I was ill—I was so ill, and though Dr Simpson was most attentive, even to paying me six visits in one day, when I was most ill—still he was not Mr Grant, and I felt quite enraged with him on that account, which I am afraid was slightly unreasonable on my part! I was so distressed; they put me into your room at Barry's, and for five nights papa cannot have slept a wink, for I moaned and tossed and coughed incessantly. The pain in my chest was dreadful. One morning I thought I had broken a blood-vessel, and that I must say good-bye to the world, and I thought how sorry you would all be. However, Dr Simpson pronounced the lungs all right. We came here a week ago, and it has done me a great deal of good.

Papa has gone to London to-day alone, which is



disgusting in the extreme; but he would not take me, saying I was not strong enough to go. He is much less lame than he was when you left us—has an excellent appetite, and much better spirits. He sometimes talks of giving up wine, but I fly into such a passion, at the same time threatening to appeal to you, that though he says, “Hang Grant!” he goes on taking it. He is to see the doctors to-morrow, and hopes that they will let him winter in Scotland. Good-bye, my dear Mr Grant.—Yours very sincerely,

SUSAN G. RAMSAY.

I am quite ashamed of the selfishness of this letter. Mind you write immediately.

EDINBURGH, *23rd November* 1856.

MY DEAR MR GRANT,— I have just left papa lying on the sofa in the other room, and he wishes me to tell you that the English doctors are all mistaken together. I must add that I cordially concur in that expression of opinion, and I think that nobody knows anything about anybody or anything except you, and what's more, I never will think otherwise. Oh dear, I wish you were here—we all wish you were here. We were a week at Yester, and you have no idea how ill papa behaved. He stood about after breakfast, and he sat without any support for his leg all dinner-time, and I was in despair. I was so glad to get away from Yester, and I hope papa won't pay a single visit this winter. I wish you would write him a scolding about his conduct—no, write it to me, for I want a letter from you. I won't abuse you yet, but if I find that you have not written to me from Aden, my next letter won't be at all that of an angel. I calculate that you will reach Calcutta in three or four days. Dear Calcutta, how often I think of it, and beloved Barraekpore—dear is not a strong enough expression for Barrackpore. I rely upon you to tell me all the gossip. You may tell me all the abuse you hear of me if you like. I want to



hear about Captain Mecham—I never hear about him—and the D'Oylys, and Banks's, and the whole Calcutta community. If Captain Mecham only knew the tenth part of the pleasure the drawings give me, I am sure he would be glad that he did them for me.

I heard from the Brigadier (Ramsay) yesterday; he gives a very bad account of himself, I think. I do wish you would tell him how absurd it is of him to think of spending another hot weather in Gwalior.



DALHOUSIE CASTLE<sup>1</sup> AS ENLARGED IN 1825.

Please do, it is too stupid of him to sacrifice his health to a few rupees. Don't say anything about me, though; perhaps he wouldn't like interference even from an "angel." I shall preach in my insignificant way, but you can talk professionally, you know. We have just done dinner, and I am sacrificing the colour of my nose, that invisible part of my person, to you. Papa comes to observe, *vient de remarquer*, that he is snubbed on all sides, and is going to occupy himself with literary pursuits. Tell me how Annie liked the voyage, I am sure she must have enjoyed it, and I insist upon a detailed account of how everybody liked the presents, and if dear old Ellerton is alive. Give her my love, and tell Mrs Thomson that she is a nasty little thing for not

<sup>1</sup> From a woodcut in *The Midlothian Esks and their Associations, from the Source to the Sea*. By George Aikman, A.R.S.A. (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1895.) The Editor is allowed to reproduce this illustration by the courtesy of the Artist and the Publisher.

writing oftener to me, and say all sorts of amiable things to Bowie Sahib, to whom I indited an epistle, which I don't believe he ever got, and believe me, dear Mr Grant, yours very sincerely,

SUSAN G. RAMSAY.

Edith sends you her kindest regards. Fifty times a day I think of the happy time I spent in India, and the tears come into my eyes when I think how good everybody was to me. I love the recollection of those days, and I never can forget them. Come back in ten years, in twenty years, and you will find me just the same—with not quite such a soft hand perhaps, but as soft a heart as ever. I should hate myself if I thought that I ever could forget my happy Indian days—the happiest part of my life.

MALTA, 10th January 1858.

MY DEAR MR GRANT,—Only think of my being twenty-one yesterday. How detestable! Well, it don't much matter, after all. Very many thanks for your nice letter of 10th December.

The day before yesterday who should appear but Captain Rennie. It was such a surprise, and it was so nice to see one of the old set. He brought me a picture of the old *Feroze*, bless her dear old masts and sails and every part of her! How happy I was in her! Do you remember our voyage to Rangoon? and do you remember the first time you saw me in papa's room in Calcutta?

YESTER, 15th November 1861.

MY DEAR MR GRANT,—I send a little parcel by registered letter. It is a locket, which I hope you will wear on your watch-chain. It contains a picture of him and of me also. I thought first of only giving you *his* picture, and then I thought that you could not object to what he loved best in the world being

placed beside him, and I like to be there, and to think that you will wear it for *both* our sakes, and in remembrance of the happy Indian days that we all spent together.

Dear Mr Grant, my darling had a real affection for you, and I am not behindhand in that respect. I should like to say a great deal more, but you know all that I feel, and I only hope that you will like my little present, and believe me always, yours most sincerely,

SUSAN G. B. RAMSAY.

Just outside the walls which enclose the Dalhousie estate, and up from the high road, is the old kirkyard of Cockpen. The ruins of the church are already hidden by ivy. The place is now historic, for there rest the great Governor-General and his young wife. Their elder daughter, Lady Susan, reared the tall red granite obelisk; and she placed near it the humbler marble cross which commemorates "her mother, who died at sea, aged 36," and her younger sister, Lady Edith Fergusson, who died in South Australia, where her husband was Governor. The inscription on the obelisk runs thus:—"In the adjacent family vault lie the remains of THE MARQUESS OF DALHOUSIE, born April 22nd, 1812, died Dec. 19th, 1860. 'They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' This Memorial is erected by his Daughter, Susan Georgiana."

The vault is closed. Succeeding Earls of Dalhousie lie beside the new parish church.

Lady Susan's letters continued to reach Mr Grant till the end of 1883. She was greatly moved by the death of Lady Canning, whose Journal Letter contains this allusion to her,

The leave-taking was very melancholy. At five Lord Dalhousie went round and spoke to all the people in the marble hall. You cannot think in what a touching dignified way he did it. Poor little Lady Susan was very unhappy at going away, and could not conceal it. He is certainly a very remarkable man, and has kept his subjects in very good order, and yet he was much beloved. He leaves India more prosperous than it has ever been, with more good, useful works in hand, and, for the moment, *peace.*"

Never had a statesman a more efficient Private Secretary than T. F. Courtenay proved to be to Lord Dalhousie. From his long and frequent correspondence with Grant this letter is taken.

*From Mr T. F. Courtenay.*

ROME, 20th November 1857.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I am greatly obliged by your most interesting letter of 25th September, which gave me a great deal of information (as indeed you always do) that I got from no other quarter. I am most deeply concerned to find that you have lost your poor brother after all his escapes, but I cannot help feeling sure that you must find satisfaction and consolation in the fact that he came to a peaceful end in the midst of legitimate duty, instead of falling a victim to any such horrors as have befallen too many. Nothing has distressed me so much as the annihilation of the whole Tucker family. I had heard nothing of them from the first until I saw the unmistakable announcement that they were all swept away. I should like to know something of the circumstances of poor Banks's end, concerning which nothing, so far as I know, has been made public, beyond the brief announcement in one of Birch's summaries.



Our latest tidings from India appear, though as yet only telegraphic, to consist of unmixed good, excepting, of course, the inevitable but severe loss. Last night there was a rumour here, but I could trace it to no good authority, of some disappointment at Lucknow, which it was said our Force had been unable to hold after getting possession of it. The story does not sound to me very probable, and I do not understand by what means, subsequent to that which brought the good news, it can have been conveyed, so I shall hope till the contrary is proved, that it is one of those mischievous French inventions of which we have had more than one, for the purpose of *bearing* the stock market. I have a letter from Outram, which, though no later than of 3rd September, gives me some very interesting facts, and evidence regarding the cause of the outbreak, which tends much to confirm the conviction I have always had and which you also express, that neither the annexation of Oudh, nor any other act of Lord Dalhousie's government would be found chargeable with a material share of blame.

If Lord Dalhousie himself were only to be sufficiently recovered to take part in Parliamentary proceedings next session, I am sure that his reputation, so far from being damaged, would be heightened by discussion of his policy and conduct. What a sad national calamity it is that he is disabled! Who in the world is half so competent to guide public opinion and direct public measures in this crisis; and never was public opinion more in need of guidance. There is at present, I fear, a most alarming tendency to reckless demolition of all that has been, and an utterly ignorant spirit of innovation which there is not knowledge, judgment, or power in Government, Parliament, or the Press to control or direct. You have probably more recent tidings of Lord Dalhousie than I have, for I have not heard from him since his arrival in Malta. I expect to visit him there in the course of the winter.

Who succeeds Talbot? I can't say that under actual circumstances I should like to succeed him; but I wish Lord Dalhousie could succeed his master and I follow him to my old place. We shall neither of us ever be so well placed, I fear, as we were there, and I doubt if either of us will ever be so happy as, on the whole, we were in India, notwithstanding some, and not few, disagreeable periods and passages; which however would not recur, the cause of them being removed.

Adieu! Pray write often, for your letters are invaluable.—Ever yours most sincerely,

T. F. COURTENAY.

Sir George Edmonstone, who was Foreign Secretary to Lord Dalhousie's Government on the death of Sir Henry Elliot, and afterwards Lord Canning's Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western (now the United) Provinces at Allahabad, was a frequent correspondent of Grant's. His letters throw a vivid light on the state of affairs just before and after the Sepoy Mutiny.

*From Sir George Edmonstone.*

CALCUTTA, 3rd July 1856.

MY DEAR GRANT,—. . . It must be most gratifying to you, and almost a sufficient reward in itself for all your long anxiety, to find that your opinion of Lord Dalhousie's case has been endorsed, and your treatment of it completely approved, by the most distinguished member of your profession in England. It will be, I am sure, a subject of rejoicing to you as long as you live, that your skill and unwearying attention will have had the effect of preserving to his country, his family, and his friends, a man who has few equals. I rejoice, too, to hear that his reception in England has been so distinguished and gratifying, and that political

opponents even have not been withheld by feelings of party from signifying their sympathy in his sufferings, and welcoming his return. These manifestations of public feeling, and the recognition by the Court of Directors of his eminent services, in the grant of the Pension, will have been no less pleasing and acceptable to the Lord than to his friends and admirers; and not the less so to either, that they are offered in the teeth of a lot of claptrap talk, both in and out of the House, about deficit of revenue, overtaxed and tortured ryots, financial jugglery, infamous annexation policy, splendid Indian allowances, colossal fortune, and so forth. May he long live to enjoy the pension, and the recollection of his cordial reception in England, where, I honestly hope, additional honours are yet in store for him.

Matters go on here much in the usual way: there is the same daily routine of business, the same crowd of carriages on the Course (I am told, for I never go there), and the same number of heavy dinner-parties, whereat people drink accustomed champagne, and indulge in accustomed scandal! The only public demonstration of late has been a Nightingale meeting, whereat, as usual, nearly all the oratory proceeded from the Lawyers, who had the gratification (for the first time in Calcutta, I believe) of addressing among others a number of ladies who attended the meeting.

The season has been hitherto rather a pleasant one. The rains set in very early, and have been tolerably steady, until within the last fortnight or so, during which there have been frequent breaks, and during the breaks the usual sweltering heat. Fevers are rife just now, and other slight ailments, but there is, I believe, little serious sickness. Lord Canning has had two attacks of fever since he came—the last rather a smart one. He works very hard, scarcely ever takes exercise, and does not seem to be improved by the system. He has lost all his colour and freshness, and looks worn. The best thing for him would be to leave Calcutta, and

betake himself to the north-west, and I hope that some day or other he may do this ; but just at present I don't see much chance of a move, and I think there is a strong feeling against it in the Council. Possibly he may make up his mind to go in the cold weather of 1857, not before that, I think. I find him a pleasant person to do business with ; he is courteous and considerate, and punctual and fair, so far as I have been able to judge. Lady Canning is very affable and agreeable, and promises to be very popular.

The Ansons will leave Calcutta, I believe, about September. After a long discussion, it has, I understand, been determined that the Commander-in-Chief may go to inspect the Troops in the north-west, on condition of returning to Calcutta in March next ; but I should think it not improbable that, when he once gets away, his absence may be prolonged, for one of the thousand reasons which men in authority find it easy to advance. They (the Ansons) have been riding at loose anchor, seemingly in the expectation of being able to get away ; and all the Headquarters Staff, sharing the expectation, have put themselves up in lodging-houses, hotels, etc. ; none have settled down. Sir J. Colville<sup>1</sup> has been away for some time past, and is, I believe, still absent. He was suffering, when I last saw him, from chronic cough, and was looking very seedy.

“Lord Halliday,”<sup>2</sup> as the Indians delight to call him, has started on a tour, which will carry him, according to the published route, as far as Bhagulpore, Patna, and Chupra—and thence, no one yet knows, where. His wife has had a most alarming illness, and was, I believe, saved only by the admirable courage and skill of your friend Leckie—whose happy face, by the way, ought to give one encouragement and hope even under the most trying circumstances. Notwithstanding all his skill and attention, however, and the attendance of Webb, Maerae,

<sup>1</sup> Chief Justice of the Supreme, now the High, Court.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Frederick Halliday, first Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, who survived till 1900.



and O'Shaughnessy, the Charles Trevors have lost their youngest child from whooping-cough. Inflammation of the lungs and bronchial tubes supervened, and, though it had a hard struggle, and partially recovered for a time, it sunk at last, and died the day before yesterday.

I am glad to hear that Lady Elliot has settled down at last. Poor lady, I apprehend she feels her loss much more severely now than when she was here and had so much to occupy her attention. Edward Thomas is altogether too bad. He has been allowed to make a convenience of the Service too long, and ought to be compelled to resign. Alas! alas! for "the Service," it is on its last legs; the Court, having lost their patronage, don't care whether it starves or what becomes of it. Vernon Smith, amiable man, talks placidly of applying the shears, and reducing our allowances to the Colonial scale. Ricketts is engaged on his inquisition; and the time is fast approaching when £500 a year in England will be preferable to the chances of "the Service" in India. The Court have again refused, notwithstanding Lord Dalhousie's warm appeal, to do justice to the Punjab men, and their condition, as well as that of the Oudh men, is hopeless. The end of it will be that the days of pilfering and Indian fortunes will return, and the Court's parsimony will receive a just retribution.

Couper seems to like his place at Lucknow pretty well. He had difficult cards to play while Outram was there. His wife and children are thriving at Coonoor, Courtenay's paradise. Devereux is still acting in Courtenay's place; meanwhile we all get on smoothly enough. Bowie and Baker are established as A.D.C., the fourth has not been appointed.

22nd June 1857.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I am heartily rejoiced to hear that your anxiety for your brother's safety has been in some measure relieved by this intelligence of his safety

at Allahabad. He, as well as all when up the country, may have many perils yet to encounter, but I think the worst is past, and I pray that the European troops now moving up may enable us to recover our authority sufficiently to protect our countrymen until further succour from England reach us.

I return your brother's interesting account, as there are probably others to whom you may wish to show it. Other accounts from Allahabad state that the Zamindars across the Ganges have been cutting up the mutineers, and relieving them of their plundered treasure. Certain intelligence of the retaking of Delhi, would quiet the apprehensions of all, steady the wavering, and frighten the plunderers. Anson's delay at Umballa was pure insanity, and that, with the temptation of the treasure, has been the cause of all the dreadful outrages that have occurred during the last three weeks or more.—Yours very sincerely,

G. EDMONSTONE.

*From Sir Robert Montgomery.*

Sir Robert Montgomery, afterwards second Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, gives this glimpse into the administration of the Province when it was under the Board, consisting of Henry and John Lawrence and himself.

LAHORE, 6th September 1853.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I was greatly shocked to hear of Lady Dalhousie's death. Lord Dalhousie must have felt it deeply, and none but those who have passed through the trial can know its bitterness. Its unexpectedness must have added a tenfold shock to the event. I trust his health may not suffer, and that his valuable life may be spared. I am indeed glad that he is to remain on; his departure would be a great loss to India. Indeed, his place could not be filled

up. The country has certainly improved and prospered under his administration. I am glad to see by the last accounts from England that the people have recovered their senses about India, and that they are more reasonable. Marshman<sup>1</sup> and Halliday carried great weight. The former would not make a bad director if put in as a Government nominee. I think the discussions will have done good, and the old directors wanted a stirring up, which they have had. They were too close before. I hope they will not fall back on the old system. Their closeness was nearly their ruin. They have much to be proud of, and little, if anything, they should conceal. I am glad to find that Addiscombe appointments are not to be put up to competition. This was quite unnecessary, and was at first put forth as mere claptrap. I think public competition for civil appointments will bring us better men, though the system will also have some evils. The proposed alteration in the Haileybury education is good.

I thought Sir Henry Lawrence would decline Hyderabad. He is a noble character, and a fine fellow; but a difficult man to get on with in the *same Board*. With him and John I was like a tame elephant between two wild oxen. In Mansel's time, when they differed, he threw the papers into a box. This I could not do, and gave often mortal offence most frequently to Sir Henry, as my feelings on business matters went much more with John's than with his. I like my present position much better, and the work is far better and more thoroughly done—and *there are no rows*.

I think we may be able to get through the remainder of the hot weather, and if you accompany Lord Dalhousie, as I conclude you will, the change will do you good. Little James<sup>2</sup> (your boy) is the healthiest

<sup>1</sup> John Marshman, C.S.I., first Editor of *The Friend of India*. See *Twelve Indian Statesmen*. (John Murray. 2nd Edition, 1898.)

<sup>2</sup> Colonel J. A. L. Montgomery, Commissioner, Punjab (1892).

child we have. He is somewhat short, but has not been once ill all the hot weather. I always look at him with perfect wonder. Mrs Montgomery joins with me in kindest remembrances.

Alexander Grant's loyalty to the Indian Medical Service, which resulted in the memorable Dispatch of Lord Dalhousie in 1856, has already been recorded. That was the first liberal and enlightened acknowledgment of the claims of medical officers by any British statesman. On this and more personal subjects he conducted a long correspondence with Sir James Outram. When that friend of the soldier was a member of the Government of India, and wrote his great Minute on the Indian Army, Alexander Grant thus addressed him, while he had certain paragraphs extracted as below, and circulated.

*To Sir James Outram.*

*17th January 1860.*

MY DEAR GENERAL,—I am most grateful to you for the sight of your glorious Minute, which I have perused with no ordinary emotion, and now beg to return. I hope to God it will reach England in time, and that a copy of it will be in the hands of every Member of Parliament when the discussion of this momentous question comes on, for there is no saying what injustice may be done to India and to all connected with it, by the unscrupulous intrigues of the Court party, and the ignorance and rashness of the House of Commons. But whatever may be the result of the approaching struggle,<sup>1</sup> the officers of the Indian Army,

<sup>1</sup> The fruit of Grant's loyal devotion to the Indian Medical Service for the good of India, its people, and officials, is seen in the following address in August 1902, by Lord Roberts, when, accom-



and the medical officers especially, will ever owe to you a deep debt of gratitude for your just and enlightened defence of their honour and interests.—  
Believe me, yours truly,                   ALEXANDER GRANT.

*P.S.*—I shall write by next mail to Maule Ramsay, and beg him to urge Lord Dalhousie to come forward and aid us in our last extremity with a written protest, and reasoning against any amalgamation.

panied by General Kelly-Kenny, Adjutant-General of the Forces, and Surgeon-General Sir William Taylor, Director-General of the Army Medical Service, the Commander-in-Chief distributed the prizes to successful students at the Army Medical School, Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley. Lord Roberts said he was much impressed by the admirable work which had been carried on during the forty-two years that candidates for the Indian Medical Service had been trained at Netley. That was the last occasion of a prize distribution at Netley, but he supposed there could be no doubt as to London being the most suitable place for the training school, and he was sure the authorities would not have made the change without being satisfied that it was necessary. There was no profession which required more careful training than the one they were about to enter, and certainly none in which constant study and research were so absolutely essential. Even in his recollection, the advance made in medicine and surgery was very remarkable. A few nights ago he had the honour of meeting Lord Lister, and could not help telling him how deeply indebted soldiers were to him for his wonderful discoveries. Only those who knew what a field hospital was like forty or fifty years ago, could have any idea what had been effected by the introduction of antiseptics. The students were about to join a noble profession, and they would find there were grand openings in India for those who kept themselves up-to-date, and were determined to get on. The Indian Medical Service was well paid, the pensions were good, and it afforded opportunities in many varied directions for men of ability and industry to achieve success and distinction. The India Government had recently organised a research department for the investigation of disease, thereby adding another and important attraction to the Indian Medical Service. He would commend the natives of India to their special care and protection, and would advise them to lose no time in learning the language, and to do all in their power to cultivate the friendship of the people among whom their lot would be cast. They would be well repaid for any trouble they took in these respects. There were many able natives in the lower grades of their own profession from whom they would obtain valuable assistance if they treated the natives with kindness and courtesy.

*From the Minute by Sir J. Outram, dated  
2nd JANUARY 1860.*

“ 67. There is one class of officers in respect of whom I would fain make a special appeal on this score, as they are a class which, to our disgrace be it said, has been treated with singular harshness and illiberality alike by their military and civil superiors. I allude to the officers of the Medical Department, a body of men who not only are unsurpassed by any other body in the Service for professional zeal and skill, gallantry and devotion to their duties, but have especially distinguished themselves by the success with which they have cultivated general science, and the earnestness with which they have applied themselves to the promotion of education and other philanthropic objects. These men, especially those of the Bombay establishment, have been treated by us with such unfairness that a late Physician-General of that Presidency, a man whose name is held in honour both in and out of his profession—I allude to Dr M'Laren—felt himself authorised to assure the late Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence that, had any officer treated his dog-boy in the manner in which the Court of Directors and Board of Control have treated the Medical Service, he would have been brought to a Court-Martial, and cashiered for dishonourable breach of faith. The Physician-General's illustration was a strong one; but, after explanation, its justice was admitted by that Commander-in-Chief, who thenceforth felt as warmly on the subject as the head of the Medical Department.

“ 68. In behalf of this noble and ill-used Service Lord Dalhousie made a generous interposition; and, though His Lordship's efforts were at the time unsuccessful, his appeal was so forcible, and his general views have been so earnestly and ably supported by Lord Canning, that justice cannot long be denied them if the Army of India be kept a Local one; but to the Medical Service amalgamation would be ruinous.

“69. Than Dr Alexander, the Director-General of Her Majesty’s Military Medical Service, I am assured that no worthier or more honourable man exists; but he is only a man—of finite knowledge and human feelings. He knows the officers of his own Service; he knows that many of them are eminently deserving of that promotion which at present it is not in his power to bestow, but for which amalgamation would afford an opportunity. And, not knowing the men in the Local Army, his partialities would needs be in favour of the men of his own Service, to an extent that would prove ruinous to the just claims of the medical officers of the Local Service. And even if he should deem it his duty, on the first opportunity, to promote to the higher grades those medical officers, the seniority rules of whose Service prevented their obtaining promotion for the same services as secured promotion for their more fortunate brethren of the Royal Army, the very number of promotions that have recently been made to the grade of Deputy-Inspector in the Royal Service would for a considerable length of time prevent him doing justice to those of the Local Service, whose names had been honourably mentioned by the various Generals commanding in the Field; and ere these arrears of promotion were disposed of, the claims of those, in whom as members of his own Service he naturally feels more interested, would have again accumulated and pressed for favourable notice.”

*From the Appendix to the Minute.*

“The boons I crave for the Medical Service are, in my opinion, but a small instalment of what is due to a body of highly-educated and accomplished English gentlemen, distinguished for their devotion to their duty, their philanthropic zeal, and their high moral character—a body of men to whom almost every member of the Civil and Military Service is indebted for his own life saved, or his health restored, or for



like blessings bestowed on those most near and dear to him. I regard our treatment of the Indian Medical Service, as regards its 'relative rank,' its pay rules, the distribution to it of honours, and its exclusion from the Political and Administrative Department, as unworthy alike of our age and nation. But in *now* proposing to open up freely to that body, the Civil, Political, and Miscellaneous offices of the State, I do so exclusively on considerations of State policy.

“The preliminary education of medical men places them on a level, in respect of intellectual accomplishments, with the *average* of those with whom it is our good fortune to recruit our covenanted Civil Service—and above the average of our purely military officers; and their profession of education gives them special qualifications for aiding in developing the resources of the country, and in ameliorating the condition of its inhabitants. They are necessarily acquainted, to a greater or less extent, with Geology, Botany, and other branches of Natural History. To *their* researches do we owe most, if not all, the economic discoveries in Natural History by which the East has of late years enriched the industrial resources of the world. And it is superfluous to indicate the many benefits which a knowledge of Natural History will enable a district officer to confer on the people of his district. As superfluous is it to dwell on the vast importance to the people of this country, amongst whom one overworked civil surgeon can rarely travel, that their district officers should have that knowledge of the laws of health and of practical sanitary economics which is demanded of every candidate for a Medical Diploma. The knowledge of Medical Jurisprudence, possessed by every medical man, would be of incalculable value to district officers in the detection and prevention of crime, enabling them to arrive at definite and correct conclusions in very many cases wherein from want of such knowledge doubt must under existing arrange-



ments necessarily exist in their minds to the detriment of the interests of justice ; and, as in the case of the doubtfully insane, to the danger of life and property, and the prolonged sufferings of the helpless. And, to conclude a series of illustrations which might easily multiply, I need but glance at the boon that would be afforded to the villages in the more remote parts of the country by the occasional passage amongst them of gentlemen competent to afford them medical aid—to give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and ease to the suffering—who, but for the advent amongst them (for magisterial and fiscal purposes) of ‘a kind physician, skilled their wounds to heal,’ might for ever seek relief in vain from the local native practitioner.

“Believing as I do that medical officers are admirably qualified for civil executive duties, and that their extensive employment in such duties would be advantageous to the material and social interests of the people, I am not less satisfied that it would tend to the elevation and improvement of the Medical Service itself. In the medical, as in all professions, there are ‘round’ men, whom a mistake on their own parts, or an ill-judged selection on the part of their parents or guardians, have thrust into ‘square holes,’ men who, with little natural taste or aptitude for the healing art, have high qualifications for the performance of other duties ; and it is, I conceive, eminently desirable that men of this description should not only be permitted, but invited, to transfer themselves from an uncongenial to a congenial sphere. Such a transposition is effected in England by the existing arrangements and demands of Society ; in India it can only be effected through the interposition of Government. And by encouraging it, the Indian Government would not only strengthen their civil establishment, but greatly add to the professional prestige of their Medical Corps. Would it have promoted the welfare of the sick, the political interests

of England, or the reputation of the Indian Medical Service, had Sir John M'Neill been compelled to remain in medical charge of a *zillah* instead of representing his country in Persia; or had Dr Lord been kept attached to a regiment of Native Infantry? Were the years during which Horace Hayman Wilson was condemned to feel pulses and examine tongues (because he was an 'Assistant-Surgeon') considered as profitably to himself, his patients, or the world at large, as they would have been had his marvellous philological genius been provided with the full scope and free development that a Professorship would have afforded? Did not the public voice of England justly ridicule and condemn the persistent confinement to professional duties of the accomplished brother of Sir Alexander Burns who, but for the real experience of our Service, might have achieved a name as great as that bequeathed by his illustrious relative? Not five years have elapsed since very cutting strictures were made in the medical periodicals on the regulations which compelled Lord Elphinstone—whose constant and anxious efforts it is to put 'the right man in the right place'—to keep *Liebig* in charge of a native hospital, and the son of the ornithologist Gould—a man hardly less versed in Ornithology than his father—in medical charge of a Government steamer, principally employed in conveying troops and commissariat stores between Bombay and Kurrachi.

“By admitting medical officers to civil and miscellaneous posts as freely as our military officers, no additional cost would be incurred, and no embarrassment would be occasioned to the operations of the Medical Department. For when it became known that, through that department, the general service of the State could be entered, and that, by the elimination from its effective strength of officers having administrative tastes and aptitudes, departmental promotion was accelerated, we should not only find an abundance of candidates presenting themselves at the competition

examinations in London, but candidates of even a higher calibre than those we now secure. For, seldom as I look into medical periodicals, I am well aware that the gentlemen now in our Service do not send home encouraging reports of the manner in which we treat them. And at the recent competitions in London, but forty-three competitors appeared for upwards of fifty appointments. By opening to them the posts I have named, and treating them in reference to promotion, in the same spirit of liberality as the medical officers of the Royal Army have been treated, we should make the Local Medical Service as popular and as highly esteemed as the Local Military Service."

Of all Grant's professional contemporaries, who admired him, he was most closely associated with Dr Edward Goodeve and Dr Thomas Leckie. The correspondence of the three friends on personal, professional, and public questions is now of too sacred a character to be used here. Let this suffice from Grant when raising the Edward Goodeve Memorial.

*From Alexander Grant to Dr Partridge.*

3 CONNAUGHT SQUARE, HYDE PARK,  
3rd November 1880.

MY DEAR PARTRIDGE,—You have no doubt seen in the papers the announcement that our dear friend Edward Goodeve has passed away. Fayrer has just written an admirable notice of him for the medical journals, and we both consider that some permanent memorial of one so pre-eminent for his abilities and his services should be established either in connection with the Medical College of Calcutta or with the Indian Department at Netley. I promised Fayrer to write and consult you on the subject, for we feel that you are the only man who could manage this

business and conduct it to a successful issue. I should be happy to join a small Committee, composed of Fayrer and yourself, with our now venerable Chief, Forsyth, at its head. Pray, think over the matter, and let me know your opinion, or, if you would fix a day and hour, I could meet you here or at Fayrer's to talk over the proposal in all its bearings. I am sure that Eatwell, Wilson, Chevers, and others here would join in this labour of love to commemorate an admired colleague; but I write to you more readily in the first instance, knowing from Goodeve's own lips what a warm regard he had for you, privately and professionally, and doubtless this regard was mutual.—I am yours ever,

A. G.

*From Dr Thomas Leckie.*

*24th December 1860.*

Wanting as I have been in words, I wish I could tell of something in the way of "deeds." My efforts at the India House, such as they were, ended in nothing. The stereotyped reply from Talbot, Durand, Baker, and others, was: "Nothing can be done until the re-organisation of the Army is finally disposed of." My last visit before leaving London was to Baker. He shook his head and said: "In spite of my efforts to the contrary we are fast drifting to the Horse Guards." He spoke in the highest terms of Forsyth as being thoroughly zealous, straightforward, and honest. Fergusson (the Queen's Surgeon) invited Martin, Jackson, and Alexander to meet me at dinner on the 4th or 5th November (I forget the day). The latter I found woefully ignorant of the working of our Service. I did my best to enlighten him. In this I was seconded by Martin. The fact is, my dear Grant, *we* are nowhere in point of influence or position as a component part of the Bengal Army, and therefore have no friends, or these at best are equivocal, and are apt



in the hour of need to act the part of trimmers. I feel myself to be literally "nobody," and utterly powerless for good in the cause you have in common with myself so much at heart. Forsyth, if any one, will doubtless hold his own against all comers. I only hope he will not throw up the reins in disgust before the result of Lord Canning's reference or protest is officially announced.

Dr Thomas Leckie closely resembled Grant in his character and professional career. He was the friend of all the needy and the ailing who applied to him. He attached to himself the best of his contemporaries, men like Grant and Sir Henry Yule. He was a bachelor to the last. He began his service in China—he was Civil Surgeon in Bhagulpore; he was personal surgeon to Lord Canning during the anxious days of the Mutiny. He quitted India in 1859, and he lived for his friends till 1878. What Sir Henry Yule wrote of him exactly describes Alexander Grant.

He was one of the most placable, generous, and unselfish of men. He was, to a large and somewhat incongruous circle, a centre of common regard, of union, of conciliation. His delight was to spend and be spent in serving others. His only jealousy of others was lest they should bear the sacrifice which he claimed as his own. He held fast by the United Presbyterian Church, in which he had been brought up, but there was not an atom of sectarianism in him; his faith was simple trust in the Saviour, in His Death and Life.

Sir Henry Yule quotes this passage from an unusual source, as singularly applicable to his character; it applies emphatically to Grant. It is an extract from

an Eastern writer, printed in a note to "Marco Polo," vol i., near the end:—

"In my own town there lived a physician, by name C———. He was a man who never took payment for his treatment from any one in poor or indifferent circumstances; nay, he would often make presents to such persons, of money or corn, to lighten their lot. If a rich man would have his advice and paid him a fee, he never looked to see whether it were much or little. If a patient lay so dangerously ill that C———despaired of his recovery, he would still give him good medicine to comfort his heart, but never took payment for it. I knew this man for many a year, and I never heard the word *money* pass his lips! One day a fire broke out in the town, and laid the whole of the houses in ashes; only that of the physician was spared."

It seems not unfitting to mention here a circumstance happily characteristic of the way in which Dr Leckie was regarded. Some years after his retirement from the India Service, a tea-company in which he had invested a large part of his moderate savings, broke down. An elderly lady of good means, the widow of Brigadier-General Mactier, to whom, as to herself, Dr Leckie had been for many years physician, friend, and counsellor, took measures to ascertain the exact amount of his loss, and that exact amount (£5000) she bequeathed to him. By his will he devoted £2000 of the sum to found the Leckie-Mactier Bursary in the University of Edinburgh. Leckie bequeathed to "my friend Alexander Grant, the sum of one hundred pounds as a small souvenir of affectionate regard," and failing him to his sister.

Another attached friend of Grant's all through his career was Surgeon-General W. C. Maclean, C.B., who printed his "Memories of a Long Life," for private circulation, in Edinburgh in 1895—a charming book. In the "Memoirs and Letters of Colonel Armine S. H. Mountain, C.B." (1857), who was on Lord Dalhousie's Staff for a time, and died when Adjutant-General of the Forces in India, there are references to Alexander Grant, with whom he kept up a close correspondence. Sir Ranald Martin was in correspondence with both Grant and Miss Nightingale on the subject of topographical reports and on questions concerning the Service generally.<sup>1</sup>

Alexander Grant gave much of his time to the work of the Committee of the Indian Mutiny Relief Fund, which he regularly attended from 1872 to 1897. Besides war-medals, he received from the Queen herself Her Majesty's Jubilee Medal. His service was closed before the institution of the India Orders of the Star and the Empire. He was Honorary Surgeon to the Queen. He was examined by the Royal Sanitary Commission on the European Army in India. His contributions to Indian Medical Literature were many, and all were important, especially the following :

"Medical Sketches of the Expedition to China," *Medical and Physical Journal of Bengal.* 1845.

"Diary of Chinese Agriculture, with Illustrations." *Transactions of the Agri-horticultural Society of Bengal.* 1845.

In 1853 he founded the *Indian Annals of Medical Science*, and was its joint-Editor with Dr Chevers till he

<sup>1</sup> *Inspector-General Sir James Ranald Martin, C.B., F.R.S.* By Surgeon-General Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart., K.C.S.I., 1897.

left India. He contributed, besides some short notices, the following papers :

“On Hill Diarrhœa and Dysentery, with some Account of the Himalayan Sanitaria.” 1853.

“Note on the Preparations of the Bael Fruit.” 1854.

“The Hill Stations. Murree : its Topography and Medical History.” 1861.

“Fragments of the Medical Practice in Calcutta at the Close of the Last Century : 1st, *Fever* ; 2nd, *Dysentery*.”

To *The Calcutta Review* for March 1856, he contributed a delightful article entitled “Warren Hastings in Slippers,” in which he most pleasantly edits several unpublished letters of the first Governor-General, and reproduces his original verses addressed to his wife, to Halhed, and other friends. Grant's collection of Medical Journals has been presented to the library of the *British Medical Journal*.

In the eighty-third year of his age, after sixty years spent for the good of India and humanity, Surgeon-Major Alexander Grant, F.R.C.S., Edinburgh, of the Bengal Army (retired), passed away. He was buried at Inverness. He bequeathed a thousand pounds to the trustees of its Northern Infirmary, the interest of which is applied to the relief of patients in the Convalescent Home. His devoted sister, the companion of his life, and his youngest brother, Colonel F. W. Grant, India Staff Corps, survive him. *The Times*, *The Scotsman*, *The British Medical Journal*, and other periodicals in Great Britain and India published sketches of his services. Sir George Couper, Bart., writes of him that he was not only the trusted medical adviser, but also the most confidential friend of Lord Dalhousie.



I am sure that there was no one about him more fully in his confidence than he was. And it was there that the beauty of his character appeared; for many, if not most, men, in such a position, would have conducted themselves in a way to arouse jealousy, and probably active dislike, among the other officers on the Staff; but it is not too much to say that Grant was simply idolised by every other man about Lord Dalhousie. This was due to his utter abnegation of self. He never put himself forward in any way, although, with his antecedents and high reputation, he might have risen, had he cared to do so, to the very highest places in his profession. Personally there was no one for whom I had a higher regard.

Sir Joseph Fayrer who, of his now few surviving contemporaries, knew him best, alike in India and in England, declares that the name of Alexander Grant will long be remembered, especially by his brother officers of the Medical Service, for whose benefit he laboured so strenuously. His professional and personal character inspired respect and affection in all who knew him, whilst his unselfish nature, his unquestioned ability, and his calm and dispassionate judgment impressed all, whether in official or private life, with a strong sense of his value as a public servant. To his friends he endeared himself by the genuine truth of his friendship, his modest appreciation of his own merits, and his generous recognition of all that was good and deserving of praise in others.

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